HEROD

AND

MARIAMNE.

A Tragedy.

By S. Pordage.

Acted at the DUKE'S Theatre.

——*Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique*
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ---Juven.

LONDON,
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HAROLD

AND

MARIAMNE.

A Tragedy.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the *Theatre* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

THis Play was pretty once for ought we know,
When 'twas first writ, a dozen years agoe.
But Gallants what-e're 'twas when it was young,
You know that Beauty seldom holds so long.
But though it has not like kind Misses *done,*
Who act so briskly, and begin so soon,
That their o'relighted Beauties set e're Noon:
Yet it is guilty of a greater Crime.
A dozen years ago, and in its prime;
And ne're launcht out till now! Pox, cryes a Wit,
So long in this kind Town, and ne're tryed yet!
If this Play take, my sence and judgment fayle.
'Tis an ill Face keeps Maiden-head so stale.
But grant 'twas Modest, and kept off till now,
A Miracle in Wit, and Woman too.
No, that won't passe; refuse so long t'engage,
And stoop at last t'appear upon this Stage,
In a damn'd House, and in as damn'd a Dress;
Like Wench debaucht in Paragon; you'd guess
It had a very longing mind before,
That yields at last on such an easy score.
But, Faith, without fine Scenes once like a Play:
You like kind Women when their Paints away.
Plays heighten'd by gay Cloaths, and gawdy Scenes,
Are but like Spanish Beauties in Fappeens.

The Actors Names.

Herod, King of *Judea*. Mr. *Medburn*.

Pheroras, his Confident. Mr. *Crosby*.

Alexas, Husband to *Salome*. Mr. *John Lee*.

Philon, *Joseph*, and *Sohemus*, Attendants of *Mariamne*.

Tyridates, General of *Herod's* Forces, a *Parthian*, in Love with *Mariamne*. Mr. *Smith*.

Arsanes and *Polites*, his Friends. Mr. *Norris*. Mr. *Anthony Lee*.

Sosius, a Roman Legat, Mr. *Gillow*.

Mariamne, *Herod's* Wife, Mris. *Spencer*.

Salome, *Herod's* Sister, Mris. *Mary Lee*.

Alexandra, *Mariamnes* Mother, Mris. *Osborn*.

Cleophe, *Mariamnes* Confident.

Priests, Judges, Executioner, Messengers, Souldiers and Attendants.

The Scene *Jerusalem*.

TO THE

ILLUSTRIOUS and HIGH-BORN *PRINCESS*, Elizabeth, *DUTCHESS OF* ALBEMARLE.

May it please your Grace.

THis *undrest Play has been so little endebted to Poet and Painter, that it has wanted Beauty to invite Numbers, and Merit to secure Friends: yet with all its disadvantages, it has not mist of Honours; when it has appeared, so often favour'd by your* Graces *Presence, and sometimes by your Commands; an encouragement so great, that your* Grace *little thinks what mischief you have brought upon your Self, by the Persecution you are like to suffer from the Addresses of so troublesome a Favourite as Poetry; yet such a Favourite, whose Arrogance you cannot blame: For, as 'tis said of Poets, who are Born, not Made, 'tis so with their* Patrons: *Your Kindness is Hereditary, and you derive your Friendship to the Muses from your Noble* Ancestry. *The Name*

Name of Newcastle *warrants my Ambition. A Person of that Worth and Gallantry, that he has been an* Atlas *to Poetry; his Bounty to it admits of no Equal, and his Perfection in it, no Superior: Nor has he only been the greatest Protector of the Muses, but their greatest* Subject *too, witness those Immortal Trophies of Allegiance, his late memorable Services to an Exile King, and a declining Crown; where his Unbyast Courage aim'd at no other reward then the Glory of his Cause. And so like* Cæsar, *who after his Conquests, wrote his own Commenturies, the Hand of a* Newcastle *acted, what the Hand of a* Newcastle *only was worthy to write. Thus have his adorable Qualities resembled the Arm'd* Pallas *amongst the Ancients; though in their infinite numbers of fetcht Deities, they to every Attribute of a Divinity, and almost to every Humane Art appropriated a particular God, yet they united Learning and Arms. Thus has this Illustrious* Heroe *character'd that Divinity on Earth, which they but fancied in Heaven. But your* Graces *Glory does not rest here; your Affinity is no less Conspicuous, than your Birth, being Allied to another equal Miracle of Loyalty, an* Albemarle, *differing from the former only in time and Fortune, That attended a Setting, and This Usher'd in a Rising Sun. Nor in this Circle of Honour does your* Grace *only share, but make a part; your own Virtues shine so worthy of the Sphear they move in, that all your additional Ornaments of Fame and Greatness, are not the Gift, but the Reward of Providence. And on that score* Marianne *throws her self at your feet: Your smiles have made her a Captive, and your Vertues a Proselyte. But while so mean an Offering as a Play, begs your Acceptance, the more worthless, in that the hasty Representation of it did not give me time to put a finishing hand to it, the first Copy of it being given me by a Gentleman, to use and form as I pleas'd, I humbly implore, that, what the present wants may be supplyed by the Zeal and Obedience of*

Madam,

Your Graces most Humble and most Devoted Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

HEROD AND MARIAMNE.

The First Act.

Scene the First, a Castle.

Enter *Tyridates*, *Pheroras*, *Alexas*, *Polites*, and *Arsanes*, Guards, Trumpets sound.

Phero. LEd on by your Example and Command,
No Force could the *Indean* Armes withstand;
This Victory is to your Valour due;
Your Conqu'ring Arme th' *Arabian* Powers or'e-threw.
You the Kings Brother at his feet laid Dead;
A Homage to a King severely paid.

Tyrid. Your great Examples made my Duty bold;
None could a Coward be, and You behold:
Nor is there any thing more Triumph draws
Then Loyalty link't to a Monarch's Cause.

Alex. Well Valiant Conqu'rors, ceale this gen'rous strife.
The Justice of our Cause gave us all life.
Whilst thus our selves we Conquer, and thus Knit; { *They embrace.*
The fierce *Arabians* to our Swords submit.

Tyrid. Lead to *Jerusalem*! the King I'le meet,
And lay my Wreaths at my great Masters feet.
Manent Pol. & Arsa. Exeunt Tyrid. Alex. Phero. cum suis.

Pol. Not all the Laurels *Tyridates* wears,
Nor Honours growing faster than his years;
Nor Fame that swells a young Mans Spirit high
Do yet clear up my Princes Cloudy Eye:
A misty Melancholy on his brow
Does some more deep, and silent Sorrow show:
Can you *Arsanes* guess the Cause?

Arsa. So little, that in all the search I make,
The more I judge, the farther I mistake.
All the Disasters which his House befell,
Did never past a Moderation swell;
His juster Griefs, and those so well-known Woes,
He with a manly Courage did oppose.

Pol. How then are now his sorrows greater grown?
Can *Herod*'s Interest move more than his own?

Arsan. That grief which inward burns must needs consume,---
But 'twill more Airy grow by vent and roome.
You then his Governours may better move,
To know the Cause: He cannot disapprove
That Care in you, nor will your love neglect;
For he has always born you great respect.

Pol. On all occasions then we must lay hold,
Love prompted by necessity grows bold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Tyridates*.

Tyr. I find it is not Business can reclaime
My lab'ring thoughts from an invading flame;
Nor can the great Employment of the War,
Incuding Loves more fierce assaults deter:

Whilſt I for *Herod* with my Sword o'recome,
The Image of his Queen Kills me at Home.
Not all *Phraates* Cruelties did move
So much my Breaſt, as does this Tyrant, Love.
Nor all the Knowledge, which I gain'd at *Rome*
From *Stoicks*, this one Paſſion can o'ecome.
How little I a Gen'rals name reſpect,
Whilſt I my Office, and my Fame neglect.
Oh Gods, who now an *Heretick* can be
Againſt the power of gentle Love or Thee.
My panting heart, I hold no longer dear
Than whilſt I find *Mariamne*'s Image here.
It is my glory nothing could ſubdue
That Heart (*not force of Gods or Men*) but You.

Enter *Polites* and *Arſanes*.

Polit. Sir, 'tis our Love which makes us thus intrude,
With buſie Care upon your Solitude.
Arſa. In Melancholly Characters we read
Some gloomy miſt has your great Heart o're-ſpread.
Your Aire, and Meine, and Looks more Cloudy grown,
Though you take care to Hide it, make it Known.
Polit. We hitherto have ſhar'd your woes and bliſs,
And ſhall we now both Strangers be to this?
Are we miſtruſted now?——
Tyr. Polites, hold——
To you, and only you, I dare unfold
That Secret which I here lockt up till now;
And did diſcloſe to none, no not to you;
Becauſe 'tis what your Councel can't remove:
'Tis-----O that I live to tell it——Sir, 'tis Love!——
Look not ſo ſtrange, you'l be ſurpriz'd much more
When you ſhall ſee her ſhadow I adore. [*Shews a Picture.*
Pol. Oh Gods! What ſee I here?——It cannot be!
Tyr. Is Homage ſtrange to ſuch Divinity?

Arsa. Sir, Then 'tis *Herods* Queen whom you adore.

Tyrid. You tell me what I Knew too well before:
I through your Eyes *Polites* see your fear;
And 'tis but just those Dubious thoughts I clear.
You fear that Noble Vertue is Betrayd
Which rul'd my Actions whilst your Precepts swa'yd:
But though I Love, 'tis with so pure a flame,
As will not Innocence, nor Vertue shame!
To say, I Love her more than Life, is poor,
But I love Mine, and Her bright Honour more.

Pol. In Love you to rewards of Love pretend.

Tyrid. No, no: My Love has neither Hopes nor End;
She is a Vertue that no Mortal dares
Pretend to Love; unless he Vertue wears.
Could I transform to any shape; yet she
Cannot be tempted by a Deity.
Lock up this Secret closely in your Breast.

Arsa. Without your Leave it ne're shall be exprest.

Pol. But Sir, does *Mariamne* know your flame?

Tyrid. My Tongue as yet durst never giv't a name.

Pol. Sir, since I doubt, it were in vain to try
To reason you into a remedy.
That which I can't remove, I will defend:
Yet many dangers may your Love attend.
Herod, a Man is of that Temper known,
As Jealous of his Wife as of his Crown.
He spares no blood, that He may this secure;
Think not in Love, a Rival He'l endure.

Tyrid You can't say more than *Tyridates* knows,
But for her sake I will my life expose.

Arsa. And we wish you will the same Hazard share.

Tyrid. But in discourse I do my Joys defer.
'Tis the highest Tryumph that my Armes obtain,
Ending the War to see the Queen again. [*Exeunt.*

Third Scene, A Chamber.

Enter *Mariamne*, *Alexandra*, *Cleophe*, &c.

Mar. Mother, the force wherewith you me Invade,
To a Rebellious Thought can ne're perswade.
Though I no Passion for that Tyrant know,
Nor Obligation to his Merits owe;
I by the Sacred Law of Heav'n am taught,
To habour against *Herod*, no ill thought.

Alexand. He is a Monster, and deserves that ill.

Mar. But yet that Monster is my Husband still.

Alexand. He then did forfeit both the Name and Place;
When He began to Murder all your Race:
'Tis He that Murder'd the *Asmonean* Seed;
And the last Relicks of that Race made bleed.
And now He has Imprison'd You and Me,
For what; unless He does our Deaths decree?

Mar. Death is the last of ills that he can do.

Alexand. But I wou'd first that Monsters death pursue;
And have the Pride before my life depart,
To strike my Dagger to the Tyrants Heart.

Mar. May Heav'n defend my Innocence from guilt:
His blood alone shou'd by just Heav'n be spilt.
I'le neither act, nor wish so great a Crime.

Cleop. Who ever saw a Vertue more sublime?

Alexand. Now He is gone to *Rhodes*, it is not hard
For you to gain to our just side the Guard.
You in the Peoples Love so great are grown,
That for your sake they *Herod* wou'd Dethrone:
Besides, We may by speedy Letters send
For Valiant *Tyridates*, who's our Freind.
The Army wee'l call home, and all those Powers
Will be as well as *Tyridates*, Yours.

Mar. The very hearing this in me's a Crime.
Alexan. Why then you dote on him, and wish his good?
Can you love Tyrants stain'd with your own blood?
Mar. What now I do; you did at first command,
When forc'd by You, to him I gave my Hand.
Whilst that you urg'd no Crime, I did obey:
With me, to Him, you gave your Power away.
These Tears I shed, to Murder'd Friends I owe; [*Weeps.*
This to weak Nature I must needs allow.
Alexand. Those Tears th' *Asmonians*-Valiant-Race disown,
And *Mariamne* is a Coward grown.
Sit down so tamely with your Sexes fears?
No marks of Courage are those foolish Tears.
Mar. Though hateful Crimes I like a Coward fly,
I have a Heart that's not afraid to dye.
Where I may Honour, and my Duty save,
I have a Courage dares the Tyrant brave.

Enter *Sohemus*.

Cleoph. See Madam, one of your Gardians, *Sohemus* come.
Alexan. Perhaps he's come to let us know our Doom.
Sohem. Madam, dry up those Tears, and Weep no more,
Put this Imprisonment on safety's score:
The King a Passion has so great and just,
He dares to none but Us your safety trust.
His Jealousie the issue is of Love.
Mar. What act of mine did that base humour move?
Sohem. Lovers have oft without cause Jealous been.
Mar. He might have yet remembred me his Queen.
Sohem. Madam, you nothing want, but Liberty.
Mar. Denying that, what does he not deny?
Alexan. From guilty Souls, such Jealousies arise;
Herod can't live unless he Tyrannize.
Mar. *Sohemus* knows my Husbands foul intent,
When he his Voyage to *Antonius* went.

And now he is to great *Augustus* gone,
If he miscarries ——— must he go alone?

Sohem. Your Pardon *Madam*, if I tell you more; { *Seems to*
And 'tis a Warrant which he Sign'd before. { *Whisper.*
He must enjoy you in another World,
Thus into Crimes, by Jealousie he's hurld:

Mar. This Jealousie from Malice springs, not Love ———

Sohem. It is your Vertue makes me thus your Friend:
And that you may suppose my Friendship true,
The power of my Head I give to you.
For if this Secret from your Lips does come,
Herod will make me sharer in your Doom.

Mar. I weigh your kindness, you shall find me true.

Sohem. *Herod* does not mistrust the Queen, nor You.

Alexan. Why are we Prisoners then? ———

Sohem. It is his Care.
'Twill not be long e're *Herod* will return,
You'l then no longer your lost Freedom mourn.

Enter *Philon*.

Mariam. *Philon*, thy looks speak News; what is't?

Philon. They say
The Valiant Prince of *Parthia* comes this Day,
Into *Jerusalem*. ———
The City and the Court their Joys express,
To see him come Crown'd with so great success.
With swifter wings arriv'd his greater Fame,
And told his glorious acts before he came.

Mar. What are they *Philon*? ———

Philon. He has such conduct, and such valour shown;
Those Storms which threatn'd us are all o're-blown:
Th' *Arabians* are out of *Judea* fled;
But left behind them 13 thousand dead.
Twice by his Valour, He the Battle won;
And twice unhors'd the King, and once his Son.

He

He brake their Troops like lightening as he flew,
Where e're he went with him, He Conquest drew.
Th' *Arabian* King from place to place he chas'd,
Till to his Country He return'd disgrac'd.

Mar. I have already heard of his great Name.

Philon. And yet I speak it lesser then his Fame.

Mar. That Princes Vertues I did ever prize,
And his praise now with my own Interest lies:
If to the Kingdoms Interest I am true,
I must his Vertues Love, and praise 'em too. [*Exeunt.*

Fourth Scene, the City *Jerusalem*.

Enter *Tyridates* and *Polites*.

Tyrid. Oh Gods! how can you thus unmov'd behold
The best peice ever made of humane mold,
The work of your own hands, giv'n up to be
A subject for a Monsters Cruelty.
She to whose eyes, my freedom I resign:
And she has right to all the Worlds, as mine,
Can she a Captive be? ——

Pol. Call in your Passion Sir, and give it Law.

Tyrid. Of Thee *Mariamne* 'tis I stand in awe.
Great Queen! it is thy Vertue makes me fear——

Pol. Sir stop your Passion till *Arsanes* come.
His news may calm't, or give it farther room.

Tyrid. Now *Herod* is her Persecutor grown,
I him no longer my Protector own;
His Cruelties my Brothers have out-done;
I from one mischief to another run;
From *Parthia* bring my Life to lose it here:
And that which is a thousand times more dear.

Herod. *Herod* in your distress has given you ayde.

Tyrid. My Conquests have that Obligation payd.

I in *Mariamne*'s wrongs am injur'd more
Then e're his Kindneſs had oblig'd before.
My thoughts no longer ſhall my mind divide:
Both againſt him, and the whole World beſide,
I'le draw this Sword in the Queens juſt defence:
And ſuccour Vertue and wrong'd Innocence.

Pol. Theſe thoughts diſclos'd, wou'd Sir your ſelf undo,
Bring certain Ruine to *Mariamne* too.
But ſee *Arſanes* is return'd again—— [Enter *Arſanes*.

Tyrid. Quick, dear *Arſanes*, eaſe me of my pain.
What ſays *Sohemes*, is he ſtill our Friend?

Arſan. I judge him ſo, for ſo he does pretend.
He quickly granted part of your Requeſt;
But a long time he did debate the reſt:
He on *Mariamnes* anger did demur,
Not on the Dangers that ſhe might incur.
At laſt the Friendſhip that he had for you
Prevail'd; and overcome that ſcruple too.
Now Night has ſpread her Sables, he does wait
Alone your coming at the Caſtle Gate.

Tyrid. This is a Kindneſs I can ne're requite;
Aſſiſt me Darkneſs! Loves beſt Friend, is Night.

Enter *Sohemes* with a Diſguiſe.

Sohem. Put on this Souldiers Caſque for your Diſguiſe;
Thus Habited, you need not fear ſurprize. } Tyrid. *dreſſes*
Philon is now to his Apartment gone, } *in a Diſguiſe.*
And I have newly ſet the Watch alone.
Wee'l ſhun the Main-Guard leſt your Face be ſpy'd,
At this back Gate you'l enter undiſcry'd.
You two without, for our return muſt wait,
But at a little diſtance from the Gate. [*aſide.*

Tyrid. What Tumult's this within my Breaſt appears!
There is a ſtrugling 'twixt my Joys and Fears.

That Heart which Death and Horror did not daunt,
At its approaching Bliſs begins to faint.
Arſan. Let's find ſome ſhelter, that's not out of Call. } *Exeunt.*

Sixth Scene, a Chamber.

Mariamne's diſcover'd lying on a Couch.

Enter *Tyridates.*

Tyrid. See where She is! how her affections move!
She thinks on nothing but the Gods above.
What force of Men can ſuch a Pow'r withſtand,
Whoſe Piety does Gods themſelves Command:
Mar. Defend me Heav'n; what's this I here behold! } Tyr. *running to her Kneels.*
One of my Guard ſo Impudent and Bold!
Tyridates, ha! what does your raſhneſs mean?
Do not you know 'tis Death to ſee the Queen?
Tyrid. Madam, I do: but dangers I defy,
And I could wiſh them far more great, and nigh.
I no occaſion had till now to ſhow
How little I do value Life for you.
Mar. Riſe *Tyridates*; I and *Herod* know,
How great a Debt we to your Valour owe:
But the Kings Cruel humour gives me fear:
Would your Compaſſion had not brought you here.
Tyrid. That temper your Misfortunes do Create;
I neither wiſh his Love, nor fear his Hate.
He gave me ſhelter in his Court——'tis true;
But Murders now the Life he ſav'd in You.
Mar. I know Compaſſion moves you to be kind:
'Tis the Effect of every gen'rous mind.
Tyrid. Give me but leave, this Sword ſhall ſet you Free.

Mar. My Thoughts you cannot to Revenge incline;
That is the bus'neſs of the Gods, Not mine.
Tyr. To do you Juſtice You may me permit.
Mar. I Act Revenge, when I ſhall ſuffer it.
Tyr. In Your Misfortunes I a ſhare do Claim.
Mar. I beg You won't that Dang'rous Claim purſue;
Leſt gen'rous pitty Fatal prove to You.
Tyr. Ah wou'd the Gods! that *Tyridates* cou'd
Buy off Your Sufferings Madam with his Blood:
Or end Your Troubles with his Puniſhment,
By all the Deaths that *Herod* could Invent.
How fair would be my Fate to pay to You
My Life; to whom all Hearts, all Lives, are due: [*aſide.*
Mar. Sure this from Paſſion, not from Pitty flowes.
I wou'd not know what now I but ſuppoſe.
Sir, Do you well conſider what You Say? [*to Tyrid.*
Tyr. If my raſh Tongue my Paſſion does betray;
And unawares the Secret has Confeſt
Which has ſo long bin lock't within my Breſt.
Madam, do you adjudg what paines are Due:
I'le gladly ſuffer what's Impos'd by You.
Yes, *Tyridates* does as guilty Plead,
Since in your clouded Brows I Anger read.
Mar. You'ld not have licens'd thus your ſelf to tell
Your Folly, had you Known *Mariamne* well:
I *Herods* bloody Injuries forgive;
Yet ſcarce can pardon this Offence — yet --- Live [*Exit Mar.*
Tyr. Stay *Mariamne*! Gods! What have I done?
Tortures! To what Confuſion am I Run!
She pardons me! And yet pronounc'd my Death!
She bid me Live, Yet Kil'd me with that Breath.
Herod, who bluſhes with her Kindred's Gore,
With all his Injuries ne're mov'd Her more.
And is't not hard that th' overſights of Love,
To Anger more then Cruelties ſhould move?

My Raſhneſs has my blaſted Joyes o're-thrown,
And my diſtemper'd Soul melts at her Frown. [*Exit.* Tyr.

Act the Second.

Scene the Firſt, *Herods* Pallace.

Enter Herod, Soſius, Pheroras, *Attendants and Guards.*

Herod. LEt it *Pheroras*, be your chiefeſt Care,
That Noble *Soſius* be reſpected here
With the ſame Homage that is due to Me.
Soſ. I have no Title to ſuch Dignity.
Herod. Sir, of my Friendſhip I wou'd give you Proof.
Soſ. The Glory of your Service is enough.
It is my Duty, that I you Obey:
To whom *Auguſtus* ſuch reſpect did pay.
Herod. I will not be, Kind Sir, aſham'd to own;
It was your Friendſhip did ſupport my Crown.
I great *Auguſtus*'s Anger did ſubdue,
Not ſo much by my Merit, as by You.
Soſ. My Acts, great Sir, you praiſe too much.

Enter Tyridates *and* Alexas.

Herod. But ſee; another Guardian of my Throne.
Valiant defender of *Judea*'s Crown.
The *Arabians* dread great *Tyridates* name, [*Embraces.*
And *Rome* has heard already of thy Fame.
The Laurels always muſt adorn that Brow:
And you participate his Glories too. [*To* Alexas.
Tyrid. The Obligations you have on me laid,
Can never by ſuch Services be paid.

Herod.

Herod. Your Worth by Modeſty does higher grow.
Tyrid. Sir, I my Life did to your Bounty owe.
Alex. This Prince begins to make my Envy boyle;
For to his Luſtre we ſeem all a Foile. [*Aſide*
Herod. Let us no more thus Modeſtly contend;
You are my Crownes Protector, and my Freind.
Tyrid. You muſt command [*Aſide*] How Vertuous he ſeems
And cunningly diſguiſes his black Crimes?
Like him I'm forc'd to Flatter with my Tongue,
Whilſt my wrackt Heart reſents *Mariamnes* Wrong.

Enter Philon.

Herod. How does Your Charge?
Phil. Great Sir, She's ſafe, and well.
Herod. Does not Reſtraint make all her Paſſions ſwell?
And doe not Curſes ſit upon her Tongue
Againſt my Life?
Phil. You do her Vertues Wrong.
Herod. By Heav'n I think you are Enamor'd too.
Phil. Becauſe I've Acted what you bid me doe.
Herod. It is my Paſſion, *Philon*, I forget.
But with what Words did *Alexandra* Threat?
Phil. She took it Sir as Women uſe to doe,
An angry Tear, and a ſharp Word or two.
Herod. Affaires of State have ſmother'd up my Love,
But now warm Sparks about my Heart-ſtrings move.
Spight of my Fury and my ſhort-liv'd Rage,
Mariamnes Eyes thoſe Paſſions ſoon aſſwage.
To her that hates I'm kind: They Gen'rous prove
Who without hopes of Loves reward can Love; [*Ex.*

Scene 2d. continues.

Salome *Enters looking into a Pocket Glaſs.*

Salome. What is become of all that Beauty now
Which once made my *Alexas* Heart to bow:

But ſure theſe Eyes have loſt their powerful fires,
And now my o're-blown Beauty none Admires:
Elſe had thoſe Snares, I there ſo often ſpread,
Caught that great Heart, I wou'd my Priſ'ner lead.
Falſe Glaſs—— I am not what I was before. *Flings the glaſs*
Thou Ly'ſt, and thou ſhalt flatter me no more. *away.*
Elſe could not *Tyridates* ſo deſpiſe
The Charms, this Face once had, the Pow'r theſe Eyes.
So Ignorant, Alas! thou can'ſt not be
As not to underſtand both Love and Me.
What various Thoughts now wreſtle in my Breaſt,
Loves Pleaſure never equall'd its Unreſt.
The buſie Conteſt does like Billows rowle,
Bears this way now, and that way then my Soul.
Like Duelliſts, who ſtruggle for their Fate,
Now ſtrive with various Chance my Love, and Hate.
The Prince muſt know't, if then my aymes I miſs,
What my Eyes can't obtain, I'le gain by This. *Draws her*
Thus I will go an Arbiter of Fate—— *Dagger.*
Life I diſpence——if Love——Death—if I hate.
[*Exit.*

Third Scene, a Bed-Chamber.

Enter *Herod*, *Philon*, *Sohemus*, *Mariamne*, *Alexandra*, *Cleophe*. Women and Guards.

Herod. Madam, thus Low I to your Empire bow:
I, who have Conquer'd *Caſar* ſtoop to You:
Though I that gain the whole Worlds Love beſide,
Am yours (to which I have moſt Right) deny'd:
Yet ſee my Paſſion: Let this Action prove
All Paſſions elſe ſtoop to the greater, Love.

Mar. Sir, I'm your Priſ'ner, and muſt you Obey.

Herod. O no *Mariamne*; here you ſtill bear ſway:

Oh

Oh do not at this ſmall reſtraint repine.
Thou art no Pris'ner; but 'tis I am thine.
I now have nothing elſe I can ſubdue:
Fortune bows down to me; yet I, to you.——
And in the greateſt glory of my Pride
Can Love--- and ſee my ſelf of Love denyed.
Alexan. We do believe you *Herod*, 'tis enough.
That you are kind, this Priſon is the proof.
Herod. Your words too laviſh were, when I was by,
For me to truſt you, when I was not nigh.
I here ſecur'd you in my abſence, true.
But it was done in Courteſie to you.
Leſt a Temptation to Aſſault my Crown
Might make you, on your Head, pull Vengeance down.
Alexan. Then our Impriſonment's a trick of State.
Herod. Wiſemen fore-ſee, and often Maſter Fate.
Alexan. I'm glad I know that *Herod* is ſo Wiſe.
Herod. But you the Jewel that I only prize, [*to Mariam.*
Above my Life or Crown, lock't ſafely here,
Truſted to thoſe, you had no need to Fear;
Have yet leſs Cauſe to Murmur or Repine,
Knowing my Life depended upon Thine.
Maria. You may with me do what to you ſeems good;
But you might yet have ſpar'd *Hircanus* Blood:
Sure your affection's built on a ſtrange ground,
Which on my Kindreds Graves it ſelf does found.
Herod. From that old Root, ſuch Branches wou'd have ſprung,
Who from my hands my Scepter would have wrung.
And I ſhould both my Life and Crown Betray,
Had I not par'd that dang'rous Root away.
Neceſſity thus forces Kings ſomtimes
Crimes to commit, to hinder greater Crimes:
And Murther act, that they may Murthers ſave.
Pitty does Ruine Kings, and Lands Enſlave.
Mar. I never knew Foundations lay'd in blood,
Whoſe Superſtructure e're continued good!

Herod.

Herod. Let us *Mariamne* leave thoſe things to Fate,
And to our Councel, all Affaires of State:
We will retire———my heart brooks no delay:
I fain wou'd Homage at Loves Altar pay;
Whoſe am'rous Flame the Heart of *Herod* burns.
Mar. And my ſad Heart with hidden ſorrow Mourns. [*aſide*
[*Herod* leads the Queen out. *Exe. Omnes.*

Fourth Scene, A Gallery hung with Pictures.

Enter *Tyridates.*

Tyrid. What cloudy Blacks my Heart and Viſage wear,
And Love it ſelf's ſcarce greater than my Fear.
To mighty Love all Paſſions elſe ſubmit,
Grow calme, and are to Tempeſts rais'd by it.
So it Uſurps the Empire of the mind
And Governs there, as o're the Seas the Wind.
Whilſt it blows gently, Seas as Gently lye;
But when it Storms, they Storm and Rave as high.

Enter *Salome* at a diſtance.

Solom. He's there———
I will not loſe the occaſion now———
Stay---I'le adviſe, firſt what I have to do.
Oh Heavens, muſt then this great Heart ſtoop ſo low;
And muſt he from my Mouth my Paſſion know.
Vertue, where art thou?---or where art thou Shame?
Tuſh——Shame's for Maids——Vertu's an empty name.
I Love, and I am ſcorch'd ſo with the fire,
That all things now muſt yeild to my deſire.
——Vertue, and Honour, all things elſe lye by.
'Tis Love o'recomes, and I muſt ſpeak, or dye.——
Tyrid. My Paſſions did diſturb enough before. [*Aſide.*
Thy Company will yet diſturb me more.

Salom.

I cannot shun her.

Salom. Tyridates here!
I did not think such happiness so near!
I doubt I on your Privacy intrude.

Tyrid. I am not busie, Madam!

Salom. But I am Rude.
What were your Thoughts?

Tyrid. On nothing?

Salom. Is that all?

Tyrid. I view'd those Artfull Pictures on the Wall.

Salom. Their Story, Sir, you may not understand:
I will Interpret them—Lend me your hand;
Such a Commanding awe hangs on his brow } *Aside.*
It daunts me, and my Tongue does faulter now. }
The World here *Tyridates* found its Grave,
And none escaped, but what that Ark did save.

Tyrid. We by our Stories, Madam, understood
The World once suffer'd by a general Flood.

Salom. Here is the man, who did our Nation Free
By Miracles from *Ægypts* Slavery:
See there what Vengeance he on *Pharoah* throws;
Though all his great Magicians do oppose——
See where the King pursues him in his Pride.
Here, at his Word the Seas themselves divide:
Here *Pharoah* still pursues them with his Host.——
Look there——the King, and all his Army's lost.——
Has not the Painter here expres't his skill?
How well in Death he Frowns, and Threatens still.

Tyrid. Madam! I doubt I too much trouble you——

Salom. I take delight in't——Sir, in Truth I do.——
When I look on him, all my Courage fails: } *Aside.*
And o're my Resolutions fear prevailes. }
Your Eyes a little on this Captain lend:
He Conquer'd first this Land, you now Defend.
The Sun stood still, and did his Word obey;
And gave the World a most Prodigious Day.

Tyrid. Will none come hither to Releaſe me yet?--- [*Aſide.*
'Twill take up too much time to view 'em all.

Salom. One or two more; you needs muſt ſee---you ſhall---
Oh that I had my Story once begun! [*Aſide.*
See here two Kings, the Father and the Son:
That's *David*, the beſt Captain of his Time:
This *Salomon*, whoſe Wiſdom was ſublime.
Wiſe, as he was; yet that Wiſe *Salomon*
Did not diſdayn to put Love's Fetters on:
And to that Queen which hangs cloſe by his ſide,
No coldneſs ſhew'd, nor Love, for Love deny'd:
His Fame far off had kindl'd am'rous fires;
He Lov'd, and ſatisfi'd her warm deſires.

Tyrid. It was but juſt; and to ſo Fair a Queen,
He would have otherwiſe ungrateful been.

Salom. Whilſt thus you paſs your judgment Sir on them;
Conſider that your ſelf you do Condemn.
You to a Princeſs have appear'd too Rude,
And for true Love return'd ingratitude.
Though ſhe has left no Realms to viſit you,
Yet that which is more hard, ſhe does purſue.
She treads on Dangers, and for you ſhe dies,
And Liberty more dear then Empire flies.

Tyrid. I may believe my Miſeries might move
In tender Breaſts ſome Pitty---but not Love----
I am an Exile, no Retreat do know,
But what I to your Brothers Bounty owe.
That Princeſs then in *Herod*'s Court may ſee
Objects more worthy of her ſelf than Me.

Salo. With willful blindneſs You Obligements ſlight;
That you may ſhun occaſions to requite.

Tyrid. My great Misfortunes Madam, make me blind.

Salo. No *Tyridates*, 'tis Diſdayn I find:
And you are too clear-ſighted, not to know,
That you are Lov'd, and who 'tis Loves you too.

No Soul, but Hers, could have endur'd that pain,
Caus'd by the Tyranny of your Diſdayne.

Tyrid. Such worth I dare not to my ſelf apply,
Nor look up at a Fortune that's ſo high;
And though your glorious Beauty ſhou'd deſcend,
To grant me all the Charms that Love can lend:
My mind does under ſuch misfortunes bow,
I could not have the power to taſte them now.

Salo. You for your coldneſs have a fine pretext;
You'l be no more with ſuch Diſcourſes vext.
And ſince you with affection are oppreſt,
That Importunity ſhall be redres't:
Fury's the ſteps of incens'd Lovers guide;
And Love converts to Hate, with ſcorn deny'd. [*Ex. Salom.*

Tyrid. Thy Love and Hate are both alike to me.
What difference 'twixt *Mariamne* is, and Thee?
I her denyal better do approve:
Which leſs torments me than thy proffer'd Love.
Her Anger looks with ſo much Innocence;
That though it kills, it cannot give offence.
And were not Love by Vertue clear'd in Me,
I'd hate the name of Love, as I do Thee.

Enter Polites *and* Arſanes.

Would you had come ſooner——
All that Misfortune that I ſo much fear'd,
Juſt now with Impudence enough appear'd.
For *Salome* her ſelf, the ſecret told.

Arſa. But I perceive your Anſwer was but cold.

Pol. That Coldneſs has incens'd Her; for but now,
We ſaw a raging ſcorne inflame her brow;
With all the marks that do on Fury wait.

Tyrid. It is not Love, but Luſt that turns to hate.

Arſan. The King's return'd, and will this Night be ſeen
In publique t'entertain his welcome Queen.

Tyrid. What, then the Queen's Releas't?

Polit. Yes Sir; 'tis true.
And *Herod* seems enamour'd now anew.
He gazes on her with Affection stiff:
You'd think 'gainst her he never dream't an ill.
Tyrid. Thanks Fate! I'le be my self a Guest to Night:
And at her Eyes direct my wonding sight.
What Nobler Object to exalt my Joy?
Unless my Envy does my Joyes destroy?
Of what I wish that Tyrant is possest?
I can but gaze on Banquets where he Feasts. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Salome Sola.

Salom. 'Tis done——I am resolv'd——I'le Love no more,
But Hate as much as e're I Lov'd before.
With what kind warmth does now my Anger move?
And dear Revenge tasts sweeter far then Love.
The Poets say that Love in Heav'n does dwell;
If so, then there more Pleasure is in Hell.
For though the Furies whip and lash my mind;
Yet in that Rage I secret Pleasure find.
Thou at my Feet shall unregarded lye,
Who with disdain a Princess could'st deny.
I *Tyridates*, will pluck down thy Pride:
Let Hell and all its Furies be my guide.

Enter Philon.

Phil. Madam, The King and Queen's already sate,
They and the Revels do your presence wait.
Your place stands Empty——
Salo. Revels are a sport
For Loving Fools: Blood is the Mirth I'le Court:
I'le follow;——Rage has so possest my mind,
I no Diversion but in that can Find. [*Exeunt.*

Act the Third.

Scene the First: A Garden.

Enter Herod, *leading* Mariamne, *with Attendants; and* Tyridates *on the other side meeting them.*

Herod. IMportant Bus'nefs calls me now away;
But You may longer in the Garden ſtay.
Prince *Tyridates* opportunely met,
May on my Queen with your permiſſion wait.
Kind *Tyridates*, here, whilſt I go in, } Herod *offers the Queens*
Try to divert my Melancholly Queen. } *Hand to* Tyrid.
Tyrid. In Storms at Sea, when Death and Danger's nigh [*aſide.*
Men wiſh for Land, and yet from Land they fly:
Whilſt Trembling at the Object, I admire, } *Queen gives him her*
Fear keeps me from the Bleſſing I deſire. } *Hand.* Ex. Her. *&c.*
Mariam. Had *Herod* known, you did my Love purſue,
He would not now have given my hand to you.
And ſince you did to me your Thoughts commit,
I ought my ſelf too, to have hinder'd it.
But that I judg'd I might without offence;
Either to yours, or my own Innocence.
Did I believe you harbour in your Breaſt
A thought to my Diſhonour, I'de Deteſt
You as a Monſter, and my Mortal Foe.
Tyrid. And I am willing that you ſhould do ſo.
Mariam. Think not, becauſe, I not for *Herod* burn,
I'le my affections on another Turn:
Not the Remembrance of his Wrongs to Me,
Shall make me of his Crimes partaker be.

Could I be falſe ſo to my ſelf and him;
I were unworthy then of your eſteem.

Tyrid. That gen'rous Bounty flowing in your Breaſt,
Has Me great Queen with Confidence poſſes't:
To ſpeak, and to believe you'l hear me now.

Mar. Speak; but what ſtricteſt Vertue may allow.

Tyrid. If my rude Paſſion harbours a Deſign
Againſt Your ſpotleſs Innocence and Mine.
You then may juſtly Me and that Deſpiſe,
And hate without a Crime what Vertue flyes;
Uſe then your Thunders; let the higher Powers,
To make we Wretched, joyn their frowns to yours.

Mar. Look on this Paſſion as an Enemy
That will at laſt deſtroy both You and Me.

Tyrid. Not if that flame which does inhabit here
Inſpires my mind with what from ſtains is clear:
All Worſhipers at diſtance may admire——

Mar. Oh call the Greatneſs of your Courage home,
Let *Tyridates* now himſelf o're-come.——

Tyrid. Madam, the higheſt favour I dare Crave,
Is leave to bear your Image to my Grave:
Thus on my Knees I beg——

Enter Salome.

Mariam. I can't conſent
Although your Love were yet more Innocent.
Riſe *Tyridates*! *Salome* is neer——
I fear ſhe ſaw you Kneel, let us withdraw.

Tyrid. That Womans ſight I hate——

Mar. Why Sir?

Tyrid. Madam, that Secret I'le relate. [*Ex.* Tyr. & Mar.

Salome. Was it not *Tyridates* that I ſaw
Kneel to the Queen?
Oh Heaven! this Chance unſeals my blinded eyes,
And plucks from them their ſo long cloſe diſguiſe.

Slighted

Slighted I thought was a ſufficient Curſe;
But ſlighted for another is yet worſe;
Swell high the Tyde of Rage; boyle up my Blood,
Be to my Vengeance an eternal Food.
Is it for this that *Mariamne* flyes,
The Kings Embrace? and does his Love deſpiſe!
I have a Rival on an equal ſcore,
The Queen a Husband has, and *I* no more.
I'le watch each motion and each look they throw,
That rage and Jealouſie may higher grow:
Their hearts will ſhake when they ſhall underſtand
Like Fate, their Lives *I* carry in my Hand. [*Exit.*

Enter Tyridates *and* Mariamne.

Mar. Are you ſo Cruel then to Ladys grown!
Tyrid. The Law of Love permits to Love but One.
Mar. And ought not *I* your Paſſion to decline,
When you deſpiſe anothers Love for mine?
That ſin which you in *Salome* condemne,
Would you *Mariamne*, ſhould in you eſteem?
Does not ſhe Loving you betray her truſt?
How can *I* yours permit then, and be juſt!
Tyrid. Oh Madam! You injurious are to joyn
That ſpightful Ladies Vicious Love with mine.
Mine is all Innocence!
Mar. But the World may not know your Innocenee.
Tyrid. *I* by my ſilence keep it from their Sence.
Mar. Though that has kept it yet from *Herod's* Eye;
Yet 'tis what *Salome* will ſoon deſcry:
Tyrid. Wrapt in my Vertue, I my Fate deſpiſe:
Mar. But more then Life, at Stake, our Honour lies.
Tyrid. When that *I* injure, may——

Enter Herod, Pheroras, Sohemus, Alexas, *Guards.*

Mar. The King is come!
Tyrid. And I unwillingly muſt give him room!

Herod.

Herod. What to the Office of a King is due,
I've ſoon diſpatch'd to come, my Queen, to you:—
But ſuch ſhort Intervals of Abſence prove
As blaſts to fan the Ardent flames of Love.
Mar. Sir, Kings their Modeſty are wont to ſhow.
Her. And Modeſt Queens not anſwer with diſdain.
Mar. Herod, of that you ought not to complain.
Herod. Oh Heav'n! and muſt my Paſſion thus be met,
And all my Kindneſs anſwer'd with regret?
Hence ſcornful Woman, from my Preſence go:
Since not your Husband, you, your King ſhall Know:
Your Fathers Deſtinies you do forget.
Mar. No *Herod*! here they are all Written yet: [*Ex. cum ſuis.*
Herod. What *Roman* Courage in that Breaſt does lye?
And dauntleſs Power ſparkles from her Eye!
Alex. Your Subjects Sir, may well ceaſe to obey,
When your own Queen to Subjects ſhews the way.
Tyrid. What Tortures rack my Breaſt! muſt I be Dumb!
This is a Task too hard to overcome. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Elexas.

Alexas. I now can tell what is black Envies Food,
Man's Heart's her Meat, her Drink his Vital Blood.
I feel the Viper gnawing in my Breaſt. [*Enter* Salome.
Salo. What, my *Alexas*, muſing all alone.
Alexas. No, I have Company, though you ſee none.
Salo. Where are they?
Alexas. Salome! they are in my Breaſt.
Salo. What, with ſome buſie thoughts you are poſſeſt?
Alexas. Yes, ſuch they were.
Salom. Muſt I be Ignorant?
Alexas. No *Salome*! I dare truſt you——
Me-thinks that Stranger *Parthian* grows too tall.
I do not love him——
Salo. Nor would---if you knew all——
I hate him too.

Alex.

Alex. And have you Reaſons too——
Salom. Some ſmall ones; but no matter——what have you?
Alex. *Herod*'s too laviſh of his favours there.
Salom. Now he has rid me of my Jealous fear,
I doubted leſt He had my Paſſion found,
But he on Envy does his Anger ground. } *aſide.*
And is that all? But *I* could tell you more——
But ——
Alex. But what? Come tell the Truth——
Salom. But you ſhall Swear you never will diſcloſe,——
Alex. *I* freely Swear all Oaths you ſhall impoſe.
Salom. Hark in your Ear----he would have——[*Whiſpers.*
Alex. How my Wife!——And can I hear ſuch out-rage!
Salom. Hold Sir! he in his Paſſion is unwiſe
Who does his Soul diſcover at his Eyes.
Cloath every thought in Darkneſs, wear a Cloud,
As may if poſſible Heaven's eye delude.
Alex. What if *I* ſhould declare it to the King?
Into Diſgrace this wou'd the *Parthian* bring.
Salom. With your own mouth you wou'd divulge your ſhame;
To Do and to be Tempted is the ſame.
We muſt be free from ſcandal as the fault.
Men judge the ſtrength of Vertue by th'Aſſault.
This would Mens thoughts divide; for 'mong'ſt the Throng
Right ſeldome has more Voyces than the Wrong.
Alex. Deareſt I'am convinc'd: Thou art a Gem,
Which *I* can ne're ſufficiently eſteem.
Salom. Doubt not but *I* ſevere revenge will take,
Alexas, both for thine and honours ſake.
Be Mute——for *I* have thought a Stratagem——
Herod grows Jealous of the Queen and Him.
Alex. O my Wiſe Princeſs——*I* your Wit adore——
See; there's the King!—— [*Enter* Herod.
Salom. *Alexas*! be you gone——
I'le take this time to talk with him alone. [*Ex.* Alex.
That project's done,——now to the King.

No man ſtands ſo ſecure, but he may fall,
When he has once ſtir'd up a Womans gall.
The King is bigg with ſomthing——
Herod. *Salome*!
How much *I* am diſturb'd you cannot ſee.
Salom. Your Soul with ſome great Paſſion ſtruggles——
Herod. True;
And *I* to calme this Tempeſt come to you.
My Queen has met my Love with ſuch diſdayn,
That ſhe has turn'd the Stream: My Paſſion grows
Enrag'd, and o're the Banks of Reaſon flowes.
Can She not Love?
Salom. No doubt Sir, but ſhe can.
Herod. Why does ſhe not?
Salom. She does! but who's the Man?
Herod. Oh *Salome*! you raiſe the Tempeſt; hold,——
Salom. You know not Woman, Sir, ſo well as *I*.
Herod. *I* know her Vertue, and ſhe firſt would dye.
Salom. You know ſhe Loves not you.
Herod. All that may be——
She'l Love no other tho' ſhe Loves not me;
And that proud Heart which does a King oppoſe,
Can never with a meaner Object cloſe.
Salom. Love, had it Eyes, might ſoon——
Herod. Oh *I* am rack't.
Spake *Salome*, and make my doubts more clear.
Salom. What makes the *Parthian* Prince to linger here,
Whom great *Auguſtus* does invite to *Rome*;
And offers Armes his Brother to o'recome:
He ſlights not theſe great offers without Cauſe;
No, here's attraction Sir, that ſtronger draws.
Herod. Thy words have let ten thouſand Furies in.
Salom. Sir! 'tis too plain----now to be blind's a ſin——
Herod. Thy words have clear'd the miſt before my eyes;
Before Truth's Son the foggy umbrage flies.

Salom.

Sal. See with what draughts he ſucks the Poyſon up!---[*aſide.*
The Quiet of your Court made me Conceal
What now *I* only to your ſelf reveal.
Herod. That *Mariamne* Loves the *Parthian* Prince,
Her hate of me my Reaſon does convince----
Salom. 'Tis not her Kindreds Blood moves thus her mind,
No; her diſdayn is of another kind.
To you a Rock ſhe unrelenting ſtands,
Yet *Tyridates*'s Love, her heart commands.
Alas! He Loves with better luck then you:
An Exile does more than a King can do.
But firſt their glances, looks, and actions weigh;
Perhaps *I* may have err'd in what *I* ſay.
Herod. Oh my dear *Salome*! it is too plain!
A Thouſand things to my remembrance fly
Which *I* before had paſs'd too ſlightly by:
Salom. It bravely works!---good Sir, have farther proof:
Herod. What needs there more? alas, *I* have enough.
Salom. He is indeed ingrateful
Herod. ---To requite,
The refuge that *I* gave him in his flight;
He flyes a Cruel Brothers rage;----*I* gueſs
He will not find a Jealous Husband's leſs.
My Anger ſhall like frightful Thunder move,
He pays his head for his preſumptuous Love.
Salom. Stay Sir---let reaſon in this great affair
As well as Rage and Jealous Paſſion ſhare.
I would not have you *Tyridates* ſave;
Your reſolution is both juſt and brave.
Yet for his Life, pray venture not your Crown,
Nor hazard for his wicked head your own.
Auguſtus Sir, is *Tyridates* Friend,
It's dangerous *Auguſtus* to offend.
And loſe the favour which you gain'd ſo late;
Act not in Fury, let your Rage abate------
Herod. What, ſhall he live then?

Salom. No: he ſtill ſhall dye.
But 'tis not you ſhall ſtrike the blow---but *I*.
Leave it to me———
Herod. But give your Juſtice wings:
Revenge that brooks delays too mean for Kings.
At my Queens head ſhall my next Thunder fly,
Who could not live and Love, by Hate ſhall dye:
Her forfeit-head, and her declining Crown
Shall feel the rage of Monarchs when they frown. [*Exit.*
Salom. Boaſt not Proud King of what your frowns deſign;
A Womans Rage ſhall be as great as Thine:
Tyridates Fall ſhall be an Act of mine.
If Vengeance is all a Kings Rage can do,
A Jealous Woman is a Monarch too———. [*Exit.*

Scene 2d. a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Mariamne, Alexandra, Philon *and* Clophe.

Alex. You had been freed durſt you my Councel uſe.
Mar. Such Councel, Madam, *I* agen refuſe.
Alex. Your Dagger in his Heart had eas'd your fears.
Mar. Such Crimes are ſtains my Innocence ne're wears.
Alex. Woman thou art——— [*Exit.*
Mar. What *I* will ever be
From all the guilt of your Reproaches free.

Enter Herod.

Herod. *I* that with horrid thoughts of Rigour came,
Am on a ſuddain, how *I* know not, Tame.
Sure 'tis not *I*—*I* am no Lyon now———
The Furies humbly to that Sweetneſs bow----
I am not Angry now---- *I* will renew--- } *Offers to Em-*
Mar. *I* will accept no Kindneſs Sir from you--- } *brace her.*
Herod. *I* will not be deny'd-----
Mar. But Sir, you muſt.
For my Reſentments they are great and juſt.

This

This Heart cannot Diſſemble King like You——
Herod. Will neither Anger nor my Kindneſs do?
So now I feel the Floods of Rage return,
And I a-new inflam'd with Anger burn.
Thou to thy Husbands Kindneſs falſe art grown,
And Love, my due, is on a Stranger thrown.
Has *Tyridates*——
Are you Surpriz'd! has Guilt lock't up your Tongue?
Mar. No *Herod*, 'tis the greatneſs of the Wrong.
Herod. Traytreſs, 'tis falſe——
But to my Wrath he ſhall a Victim fall;
And you ſhall quickly follow too——you ſhall!——
Mar. Herod, believe all that you pleaſe; the worſt
I've born already by thy Kindneſs Curſt.
Herod. Perfidious Woman——
His Ruine ſhall begin your Puniſhment.
Mar. If you on Blood and Murder thus are bent:
If Rage no otherwiſe appeas'd can be,
Seek out no other Sacrifice but Me.
Reſolve my Murder, but his Ruine ſpare,
Who has in my Imputed Crimes no ſhare:
Herod. To ſuch a height it ſeems your Love is flown,
His Life you value, though you ſlight your own;
In *Tyridates* thou ſhalt tortur'd be,
Before thou know'ſt what I reſolve on Thee. [*Ex.*
Mar. Death thou art Welcome: come when e're thou wilt,
Thoſe Souls fear not thy Dart who feel no Guilt:
Yet *Tyridates*, Thee I wiſh remov'd,
Becauſe your greateſt Crime is that you Lov'd. [*Exit.*

Fourth Scene: A Dining-Room, in which is discover'd sitting at Supper

Tyridates, *Pheroras*, *Alexas*, *Attendants*.

Alex. Fill my Bowl full; I the Kings health begin!
Tyrid. What is't that makes thee shake! haste, give me mine!
[*To the Attendant that fills the Wine.*
Long live the King, and whilst the Health goes round,
Command without that the lowd Trumpets sound.

Enter Arsanes, *who dashes the Bowl out of* Tyridates *hand.*
Arsan. Pardon my haste, Sir, and vouchsafe your ear.
Alex. 'Tis prevented!
Pher. Discover'd too I fear.
Let us not stay——
Alex. The King will Orders give,
Though this Plot has not took, he shall not live! } *Ex.* Alexas
Arsan. That Rudeness Sir I acted with my will. } & Pheroras.
For it was Poyson that I made you spill!
Philon by chance behind the Arras got,
Heard *Salome* and *Alexas* lay this Plot.
He told the Queen, whose Kindness sent him strait
With this, to let you know your Threaten'd Fate. } *gives a*
Pheroras and *Alexas* Sir are gone, } *Letter.*
And they by this themselves have Guilty shown.
Leave us—— [*Exit Attend.*
Tyrid. See here *Arsanes* what the Queen has Writ,——
She bids me quickly save my self by flight.
Nay, instantly I must be gone——to Night:
Or else so closely they my Life pursue;
The Sword will act what Poyson cannot do.
I know not which more Joy or Grief does bring,
This Favour, or the baseness of the King.
Arsan. Sir, do not trifle thus away your time,
To make her Warning useless were a Crime: *Tyrid.*

Tyrid. What wou'd you have me doe?
Arſa. O Sir, be gon!
Tyrid. That thought's too hard.
Arſa. Sir; if you ſtay, her Kindneſs you neglect,
And pay to her Commands but ſmall reſpect.
Tyrid. 'Twas her compaſſion of my Life took Care,
She did not know her Preſence is more dear.

Enter Sohemus.

Muſt I my Life, or *Mariamne* quit?
Soh. Yes Sir, 'tis but too certain, and your Flight
Muſt ſpeedy be, or elſe you both will loſe.
Conſult no further, Her Commands obey:
For know that her you Ruine, if you ſtay——
Therefore no longer on your ſtay demur;
This riſing ſtorme does rather threaten Her.
But She in your Eſcape, Preſerv'd may be
When you remove the Cauſe of Jealouſy.

Enter Polites.

Pol. O Sir be ſpeedy in your flight——I hear
Alexas, and the Kings Life-guard are neer.
Soh. Good Sir, make haſte.
Pol. There's hardly time for Flight.
Arſa. But we may now be favour'd by the Night.
Tyrid. Well! muſt I goe?——Oh Queen, when I obey,
I'm only by your ſafety forc'd away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter on the other ſide with drawn Swords, Alexas *and Souldiers.*

Alex. The Traytors gone! but yet he can't be far;
You ſoon his paſſage in the Streets may bar:
Go light ſome Torches, ſearch out every where;
Who finds him firſt, ſhall of my bounty ſhare:
This Sword then *Tyridates* ſhall purſue
Thy Life, and take what Poyſon could not do. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

Fourth Scene, The City *Jeruſalem.*

A Cry within! here, here, they are.

Enter Tyridates, Polites, Arſanes, *Retreating and Fighting,* Alexas, *Guard, Souldiers purſuing.*

Alex. Yeild *Tyridates,* or thy Life is loſt!
Tyrid. That thou took'ſt it away, thou ſhalt not boaſt!
Take that for thy Wives Treachery. [*Kills* Alexas.
Alex. Though I am wounded! Soudiers follow ſtill.
You dye, if him you neither Take nor Kill. [Polites *falls.*
Tyrid. Farewell, thy Friendſhip does my Love out-vye;
Thou haſt the Honour in her Cauſe to dye. [*to* Polites.
Arſanes come! Let us Revenge his Blood,
And take the Fate which cannot be with-ſtood. [*Fight again; ſome of the Souldiers are Slain.*]

Enter Pheroras *with freſh ſupplies, who beat off* Tyridates *and* Arſanes. [Exeunt *all Fighting.*

Fifth Scene, *Herods* Pallace.

Enter Herod and *Salome with Attendants.*

Herod. I'le think that Heav'n does joyn againſt me too,
If neither Poyſon, nor the Sword will do.
Salom. It was but chance, or he had drunk his laſt.
Herod. I hope by this time that his Life is paſt.
I bid *Pheroras* bring the welcome News,
But his long ſtay my Patience does abuſe.
Salom. What Devil was it mov'd *Arſanes* ſo,
The Bowl, the Wine, and Poyſon to o'rethrow.——

Between

Between that Draught and Death he should have known,
I rais'd that storm which hence his Life had blown.
'Tis not Revenge, at least not half so sweet,
Unless he knows that I the Conquest get.
And if he Falls now by *Alexas* hand,
My fatal Anger he will understand:
But here's *Pheroras* now! [*Enter* Pheroras.
Herod. How dy'd he I say?
Pher. His Valour Sir has rather won the day— (Head!
Herod. Hah! What---not brought with thee the Traytors
How durst thou say to me he is not dead!
What Legions had he to defend his Life?
Or fought my Subjects for him in the strife?
Pher. I saw *Alexas* Sir, his Life pursue!
But what is't Valour in Distress can't do?
Surrounded by the Guard he bravely fought,
And to the ground *Alexas* bleeding brought.
Salom. What said you of *Alexas*?
Herod. Peace; go on!
Pher. At him the Guard with all their fury run.
But like a Heroe so unmov'd he stood,
That all around the place he slayn'd with blood.
Polites Slayn, with noble Anger stung,
He flung himself to dye amid'st the Throng.
There he such Prodigies of Valour shew'd,
The Guard not him, but he the Guard pursu'd.
Prest with their number, he at last had dy'd,
But that *Arsanes* an advantage spy'd.
The Sacred Temple being nigh,——
To that Asylum both yet fighting, fly.
And spite of all those Swords which did oppose,
There they escap'd the Fury of their Foes.
Herod. O Heavens! escap'd me thus.——
Thy Blood yet *Tyridates* must asswage,
The vehement Tempest of my Jealous Rage:

I'le to the Temple, and my Wrath shall make
The great Foundations of that Structure shake. [*Exit.*

Salom. What Stars Protect this Man?
His Valour moves me so, I love him still:
But he Dispises me; that thought is Hell.
Yes, thou shalt dye!
My hand shall more then his, thy Life pursue,
And shew what Woman in Dispair can do. [*Exit.*

Sixth Scene, The Temple:

In which is discovered, as within the Gate, the Priests, Tyridates, and Arlanes.

1. *Priest.* We do not Sir enquire of your offence,
No Criminal is ever forced from hence.

2 *Priest.* You are both safe and welcome.

Tyrid. Thanks are due,
Both to the God you Worship, and to you.

Enter Herod, Pheroras, *and Attendants.*

1. *Priest.* Sir, Though a King, keep back: 'tis just that you
Bring that respect which to this Place is due.

Her. Give me that Frayson then; this Place not you
Cannot protection to such Crimes allow.

1 *Priest.* O Sir! you know the Priviledge of this place.
We should our Honour and our Laws disgrace.

Herod. Then I will force him hence. [*offers to draw,*

Pher. Your Passion sway, [*Pher. stays him.*
Great Sir, let Rage to Reason once obey:
All the whole race of Priests won'd rather dye,
And you, although their King, to death defie,
E're they would suffer this, — besides the Jews
Would run into Rebellion at the News.
Try if you can perswade, but do not force.

Herod. I must——but yet I first will try that course;

Put

Put forth that Traytor, and you will do well;
You ought not to protect an Infidel.
His very presence does the place abuse;
It is a Refuge only to the *Jews.*

1 *Priest.* We dare not Sir, they would us Partial call.
This Temple does a Refuge yield to all.

Herod. But that *Barbarian* durst violate
The Rights of Hospitality and Faith;
Ancient as Fanes themselves.
Return him fairly forth, whilst I entreat,
Else I will execute more than I threat.

2 *Priest.* First for his safety we our Lives will pay.

Tyrid. Rather then you shall suffer, I'le not stay:
No: let me fall a Victim to the King
Rather then Ruine to your Altars bring.

Arsan. O Sir! what do you mean?

1 *Priest.* You will do worse,
You on our Altars will pluck down a Curse.
Let the King raze our Fane! our Bloods be spilt.
'Twere better to fall Pure, then stand with Guilt.

Tyrid. Let me speak to the King.

Arsa. I'le not refuse ——
So you no further go.

Tyrid. King of the *Jews,*
I am a Prince, and meet you without odds,
For I know no Superior but the Gods;
I scorne to justifie my self to you,
Who thus ignobly do my life pursue.
A Life which from thy Sword and Poyson flyes,
Here at the Altar thou would'st Sacrifice,
Against all Right, both Humane and Divine.

Herod. Yes, I will have thy Life, though I lose mine.

Tyrid. Not the most guilty of my thoughts e're meant
Mariamne or thy wrong; thy Innocent
And injur'd Queen I as the Gods esteem,
Can that wear any Title to a Crime?

Herod. In idle words I'le lose not breath nor time.

Tyrid. I speak not this thy Fury to asswage,
Or with design t'escape thy bloody rage;
Or to delay the Death thou threaten'st here.
No *Herod*, I can dye, but cannot fear.

Herod. No, no, false man! thy artificial words
The Temple nor 100000 Swords
Shall sheild thy Life from my armed Anger now.
Thee and that Traytress both to death I Vow.

Tyrid. Involve not yet in my imputed Crime,
An Innocence which wholly is sublime:
If thou before these Reverend Flamines here
Wilt Solemnly at the high Altar Swear,
I shall thy only mark of Fury be,
And thy blind Rage extend to none but me:
I'le leave this place to which I now am fled,
And to thy Vengeance render up my head.

Herod. O Heavens, for him she wou'd have Life resign'd;
And he again for her has Life declin'd:
They Love——Oh Rage——[*Stamp.*
No Traytor, thou shalt me no Council give,
Nor you, nor She——whom thou woud'st save shall live.
[*Draws.*

Enter Sosius *with* Romane *Souldiers.*

Sosius. Hold *Herod*, hold, I in *Augustus* name,
Do for the *Parthian* Prince a freedom clayme;
He not thy Subject hither fled for aid,
Must not by thy blind Fury be betray'd:
In this I Justice, Honour, Friendship show
To *Tyridates* Vertues, and to you——

Herod. Friend! hear me first——

Sosius. I am by Honour swayd;
And in great *Cæsars* name must be obey'd.

Herod. You are a Friend to me, and I to you:

Sosius. I for no Friendship will injustice do:

I bear

I bear a *Romans* Vertue in my Breast,
Friendship not linck'd with Vertue, I detest.
And *Tyridates* you must yeild to me——
Tyrid. Where I find so much Vertue, I agree.
Sosius. Herod! your unjust Fury now asswage:
I here my Honour for you both engage;
Herod your Life by no Plots shall betray;
And you t'increase his Fury shall not stay.
You from *Jerusalem* this Night shall go,
And leave within 6 days *Judea* too:
Who breaks his Word, begets a Foe of me,
Makes *Rome* and *Cæsar* too his Enemy.
Tyrid. I will comply, though death I'd kindlier choose.
Herod. Sosius alone could my just Vows oppose:
I see my Fear is greater then my Rage;
I in this quarrel dare not *Rome* ingage:
Nor dare to my yet tott'ring Fortune trust,
But I must rule by seeming to be just. [*Exit. omnes.*

Act the Fourth.

Scene the First: *Mariamnes* Chamber.

Enter Mariamne, Cleophe, Philon.

Maria. THen Heav'n has heard my pray'rs, and now I find,
Though I deserv'd it not, He has been kind.
If Heaven permits me but to fall alone,
My Breast shall not emit one sigh, or groan:
Now *Tyridates* is from Danger free,
I do not care what he decrees of Me:

Fly Prince from hence into a kinder clime,
Where to be good, and Vertuous is no Crime: [*Enter Sohem*
Sohem. Prince *Tyridates* by the Roman Legat freed
And by him safe without the Citty led,
From his freind *Sosius* has made escape,
And is come hither in a borrow'd shape.
Mar. Just Heav'n forbid: I cannot see him: Go,
And tell him so. ——
His Folly would his Certain Ruine bring;
His Death would now be Justice in the King.
Sohem. Madam; all my perswasions can't prevaile,
He onely beggs to take his last farewel.
Mar. This may some blemish to my Honour give ——
Philon. Madam, his Thoughts from such pure Fountains flow;
They on your Innocence no spots can throw;
Sohem. Without your leave he durst no nigher come,
But stayes without, and there expects his Doome.
Mar. Well call him in —— and pardon me this time:
For he shall never more repeat the Crime. } Sohem. *steps to the*
Philon and you *Sohemus* watch hard by } *Dore and brings in*
And give us warning when that danger's nigh. } Tyridates
[*Exeunt. Phil. and Sohem.*
Ah Prince! consider what you make me do [*Tyrid. kneels,*
Hazard my Life and Reputation too!
Have I thus long my life with Caution led
The very shadow of all Coruthip fled.
Now at the last to make my Honour bow!
By Night, and in disguise, to talk with You!
Tyrid. Though my Intents with Innocence are clad,
The ills You suffer by them make em bad.
Mar. Your business?
Tyrid. Can I fly and leave you here,
Expos'd to *Herods* Rage, and jealous fear?
I'le break those Chaines my needless Pallions drew
With such a black Ingratitude on You.
Herod, by Sword and Poyson sets me free
From all the Tyes of Hospitality!

I

I this without Ingratitude can doe
I owe not now my Life to Him, but You.
Reject not then the ſuccour I propoſe,
Whence to You freedome, to me, Glory Flowes.
Mar. I will no longer theſe Diſcourſes hear.
Urge me no more. This Anſwer take for all!
Vertue ſhall never be blemiſhed by my fall.
Tyrid. Then give me leave to Die ---- I cannot ſee
You ſtill have Fetters on whilſt I am free.
Mar. But whilſt I thus my Innocence keep white;
Me-thinks I feel as yet my Chains too light.
Tyrid. But I can never go.
Mar. I for one boon muſt ſue,
And ſure I cannot be deny'd by you?
Tyrid. 'Twere impious to diſobey that breath,
Though the Commands were to meet Wracks, or Death.
Mar. But this performance muſt be bound by Vow
Tyrid. By all the powers to which men kneel, and bow.
And what's as Sacred, by your ſelf I ſwear ——
Mar. She craves one boon who never begg'd before:
Sir, I intreat you never to ſee me more.
Call your Obedience and your Courage up,
And the Carrere of your blind paſſion ſtop:
My Life and Honour both at Stake do lye,
And ſuffer, if you either ſtay, or dye.
Tyrid. Can you condemn me, moſt Unfortunate,
To Baniſhment for ever, and not hate?
Mar. Perhaps th'affection that I've ſhown to you,
Has not been ſuch as you pretended to.
I to your Merits always gave their due,
As far as my Condition would allow.
Had I been free, and at my own diſpoſe,
I before all had *Tyridates* choſe.
Tyrid. Oh all ye Gods! how dubious is my Fate!
At once how Glorious, and how Deſolate!

I have

I have now, 'tis true! no Reason to complain;
Yet in my former Wretchedneſs remain.
Thoſe eyes muſt never more upon me ſhine,
Yet I can neither murmur, nor repine.

Mar. Pitty begins too much to move my heart,
I find by theſe it is high time to part! [Mar. *Weeps.*
I, *Tyridates* have ſome weakneſs ſhown;
And your Misfortunes move more than my own.
Let *Mariamne* your Example be,
Do you aſſume your Courage now like me:
Inſenſibly I do not part with you,
Yet dauntleſs act what I reſolve to do.
If o're your Spirit any power I have,
Let it be ſhown---be patient and be brave:
And let this act of your obedience prove
The Candor, and the Greatneſs of your Love.
Take now my laſt Farewell. [Tyrid. *kneels.*
——One kindneſs yet——
When you remember me, this fault forget. } *Exit cum.*
[*gives him her hand to kiſs.* } *Cleop.*

Tyrid. Oh Gods! is there no other way to prove
The pureneſs and the greatneſs of my Love.
Muſt I to this hard Doom ſubjected be?
Yet 'tis a Juſt and Vertuous Cruelty!
Yes to remember Thee, I'le take this way,
I'le dye for Debts I cannot live to pay. [*Exit.*

Scene Second: *Herods* Chamber.

Enter *Herod* and *Salome*.

Herod. What ſting is this to an Impegial mind,
Thus in his will and power to be confin'd?
Salom. Herod's a King, and does *Judea* ſway---
But he's no King, who others does obey.

Salom.

Salom. Though many Paſſions grow within your Breaſt,
I ſee Ambition's greater then the reſt.
And fear to loſe your new acquired Crowne
Th' aſpiring boldneſs of the reſt pulls downe!
This made a Monarch to a Romane ſtoop,
When the whole Forces of his Rage were up.
Herod. 'Tis Wiſdom to ſubmit to greater Powers:
Salom. None ſhould be greater in your Realm then Yours,
You this affront in Wiſdom may put by,
Sit tamely downe ----- But King ſo will not I!
For he ſhall fall my Victim, and in this
I will perform what Kings but faintly wiſh ——
But How,
Do You proceed with your ungrateful Queen?
Herod. I've ſent for Her.
Salom. To ask her Pardon.
Herod. No.
But that her Doom ſhe from my Breath may Know.
Enter Philon.
What ſays our Haughty Queen?
Philon. She'le wait on You,
When ſhe has firſt paid to her God his due.
She's buſie yet.
Herod. At Prayers: Yes, and 'tis time.
But Heaven may ſtay, her abſence is a Crime:
Bid her make haſt, and let her Underſtand
I now no more entreat Her, but Command.
Phil. I Shall. [*Exit*
Salom. This was like *Herod* and a King;
But yet I fear her Eyes ſuch Forces bring,
Which ſhe ſtill manages with ſuch an Art,
They will regain your undefended Heart.
Herod. No, Though tame Love did once my Heart engage,
I have now reſign'd this Royal Seat to rage!
Enter Mariamne *and* Cleophe.
Salom. She's here I muſt retire.

Thy Lover Queen shall share thy Sufferings.
My Jealousy can kill as well as Kings. [*Exit.*

Herod. See with what Noble Pride she steps! That State
So like a Queen, as yet I cannot hate!
Not all the marks of Anger that I bear
Can shake this Womans Soul into a fear!
I must no longer pause ——
You had obey'd us straight,
Had you not been retarded by your hate.

Mar. Any to hate the Laws of Heaven forbid!
Else 'twere but Justice *Herod* if I did.

Herod. You Queen have yet no Reason to complain,
My Love it is that proves your greatest pain.

Mar. What are those Signalls of your Love you boast?

Herod. The World the Greatness of my Love can Read,
In that you still proud Queen do wear your Head,
After your Love to *Tyridates* shown,
And his to you so publiquely made Known.

Mar. My Innocence still wears a Robe so White,
That I esteem Your Accusations light.

Herod. I say that you still Live shews Love enough.

Mar. But of your Love I have another proof:
You can't forget the Compliment you sent
When You to *Antony* and *Cæsar* went.
You sent me Word, with Grief you left me —— true ——
For had you Dy'd I must have follow'd too.
Was this th' Effect either of Love or Hate,
That both our Lives must have an Equal Date?

Herod. I am Betray'd! I Undone!
Those who my Trust into my Bosome drew,
Forsake me and betray my Secrets too.
To what Extremities am I reduc'd,
By Slaves and a Disloyal Wife abus'd:

Mariam.

Mariam. I by Imprudence now have rais'd a storm, [*aside.*
I doubt my *Philon* and *Sohemus* harm.
Herod. I my Intencions never will deny;
I did intend —— if I did —— you should dye.
It was excess of Love ——
Mar. Of Jealousie and Hate! ——
Herod. Those Traytors who my Secrets did relate,
Did not for nothing so great hazard run,
Expose themselves by me to be undone;
And buy your favour with their Lives expence,
If you had not propos'd a Recompence:
Which seem'd so great and glorious in their eyes,
They to obtain it, me, and life despise.
Mar. What recompence had I to give?
Herod. I know
No gifts could ever undermine them so:
Such mean things never could their Faith surprize!
No Traytress; by the Charmes of those false eyes,
They were seduc'd ——
Mar. I will acquit them, they are Innocent:
'Twas Heaven reveal'd to me thy black intent.
Herod. Thou usest thus thy Lovers to excuse,
And dost thy Husbands Love and Bed abuse!
Mar. Believe what e're thou wilt against me now,
The baseness of your Soul and Birth you show.
I scorn thee now so much —— that I disdain ——
To stoop so low, to speak to thee again:
Or any more my Innocence defend
Against th'unworthy Crime which you pretend.
Herod. 'Twould be in vain —— I now will Justice do,
Yes! you shall suffer, and your Lovers too!
If all the Torments of the Rack will do;
Truth by that Tryal quickly will appear;
What do you smile? my Guard without there [*Enter Guard.*
Here!
Safely the Queen to the great Prison bear.

On pain of Death, away.

Mar. Touch not my hand,
I willingly obey his kind command. [*Exeunt Queen & Guards.*

Herod. Still the same Queen! still the same port she bears,
And not one look of fear nor horror wears!

Enter Salome *and* Pheroras.

My Fatal Love thus long has made me blind,
And with false Errors prepossess't my mind;
But her high Pride shall feel: *Pheroras* haste!
And make you *Joseph* and *Sohemus* fast.
Let them be Rack'd till they the truth declare.

Pher. They shall—— [*about to go.*

Herod. Hold! *Joseph* from the Rack we spare:
We will some method in our Anger take;
He's Marry'd to our Aunt, and for her sake,
Let him escape the Rack, but Strangl'd be;
Be gone——let it be done immediately.——

Salom. Sir, seize on *Philon*, he knows her Intrigues;
A great Contriver in her amorous Leagues.

Herod. See He be tortur'd too——
And forc'd by pains the hidden Truth to tell:
I to the utmost will my Wrath pursue.
After they're Rack'd——let'em be strangl'd too.
Away: let it be done before you sleep. [*Exit* Phero.

Salom. O Sir! I see 'tis difficult to keep
Our selves with all the helps of humane Art,
From those misfortunes Heav'n will still impart.
Appearances delude a humane sight,
But Treason cannot always walk in Night.

Herod. This Woman to my mind distraction brings;
And on the Rack my tortur'd Soul she flings.

Salo. 'Tis plain! no small things could their Faiths remove,
They could not stoop at ought below her Love.
But were this Amorous League a dubious thing;
It is enough! she dares affront her King:

In

In that unlawfull Love which ſhe dares own
To *Tyridates*. ——
But where's that height of Pride ſhe did pretend,
When ſhe can to a Subjects Love deſcend.

Herod. What ſhall I do?

Salom. 'Tis fatal Love, your troubles does Create:
O Sir, but ſtrip your Princely Soul from that
Which with dark ſhaddows over-hangs your mind,
And makes you to your chiefeſt Intereſt blind;
You ſoon will be from all Vexations freed,
When Traytors juſtly for their Treaſon bleed.

Herod. Yes, *Mariamne* ſoon ſhould loſe her head,
But that I *Caſar* and the People dread.

Salom. Never let that keep your great Soul in awe,
Salve it with Juſtice; let her dye by Law:
Let there ſome Proceſs be againſt her fram'd:
Some Reverend Judges in Commiſſion nam'd.

Herod. I am reſolv'd now——and the way is good,
It is the Law, not *Herod*, ſpills her blood.
She, who reduc'd me to this ſhame and fear,
Shall as a Subject at the Bar appear! [*Enter* Alexandra.

Salom. But here comes one! though often Proud and High,
Falls down as poorly in Adverſity.
You'l not be mov'd with Tears! ——

Herod. No, nor with Prayers.

Salom. But I'le be gone——Their Lives my Joys debar:
Revenge to thee! to thee! I'le Altars rear. [*Exit.*

[Alex. *kneels and weeps.*

Alex. O Sir! take pitty, *I* your Grace implore;
Deny not one, who never Kneel'd before.

Herod. Peace! 'tis in vain; nor Tears, nor Words ſhall do,
And you deſerve to ſhare her Ruine too!

Alexan. *I* will not riſe unleſs you grant her Life.

Herod. No more! She is a Diſobedient Wife.

Alexan. I'le grant it——yet ſome mercy ſhow.

Herod. Away.

No Tears; nor Prayers shall my arm'd Justice stay——

Alexan. I'le follow you——

Herod. My Guard without there!——here! [*Enter Guard.*

This Woman quickly to her Chamber bear,
And keep her safe.

Alexan. O see! I beg agen! [*kneels.*
I do submit——

Herod. Hast, quickly take her in.

Alexan. O Jealous Husband! O thou wilful Wife!
'Tis cruel Death I see must end this strife.
If thou had'st but Obedient been to me,
Herod had had that Death he gives to Thee. [*Ex. with Guards.*

Herod. Still! still Confusion in my breast does roll,
And I feel mighty struglings in my Soul.
The Queens Death only satisfies my mind:
And yet in that Reluctancy *I* find. [*Exit.*

Enter Pheroras *reading Papers, and* Salome.

Salom. Are the Kings Orders then obey'd?

Pher. They are!

Salom. This hast bespeaks your Loyalty and Care.

Pher. Here's their Confessions. [*gives 'em* Salome.
Tortures made them tell
What they before could by no force reveal.

Salom. Not the great danger which they ran could move,
No Obstacle could blunt their sharpen'd Love.
The Queen and *Tyridates* met this Night.
O here is Argument enough for spight.
This, this will do—what though *Mariamne* dye,
It Cures not quite! the Prince must fall, or *I*: } *Reads.*
Pheroras, it is late; the King possest
with Rage, is gone to try if he can rest:
To morrow Morning I'le these Papers show,
And he by me your Diligence shall know.
But much of this must not be seen by him:
They justifie her more then they condemne!

In

In mid'ſt of all their Torments they ſeem bold,
And have the Truth to her advantage told.
But ſay *Pheroras*, dy'd they all like men?

Pher. They dy'd as if they were to live agen:
And did with ſo much Courage yeild their breath,
As made me almoſt too in Love with Death:
If any ſorrow in their Looks were ſhown,
'Twas for the Queens hard fate, and not their own. [*Exeunt.*

Act the Fifth.

Scene the Firſt: The Scene without the City.

Enter Tyridates *and* Arſanes.

Tyrid. TO *Rome I* now my wand'ring ſteps muſt lead;
I've ſworn, and my great Saint muſt be obey'd:
Doom'd from her ſight, he now *Judea* flyes,
Who in Devotion to *Mariamne*'s eyes,
Liv'd an Adorer, and a Pilgrim Dies.
But what high Bliſs my Vowes to me deny;
Haſt my *Arſanes*, to the City fly.
Enquire her health; *I* fear ſhe's in diſtreſs,
The trembling of my Soul her ills expreſs.
By ſecret Concord Lutes when tun'd alike;
One trembling moves, if you the other ſtrike.
Thus my tun'd Heart by ſympathy of Love
Does at thoſe ills ſhe feels, though diſtant, move.
Not Death, nor *Herod*'s Cruelties *I* fear,
But the Queens laſt command that keeps me here.

Arſa

Arſa. I'le put on the Diſguiſe I have within.
Tyrid. Here I will lye till you return agen;
And with my own ſad thoughts I will converſe,
Whoſe Clouds the Queens Health only can diſperſe.
[*Lyes down.*

Enter Salome *in Mans Habit.*

Salom. This is the place I'm ſure; hither laſt Night,
I'm told he and *Arſanes* took their flight:
Bleſt Chance! yonder he is! Revenge ariſe!
And make to thee and Love one Sacrifice.
Tyrid. What man is this? I'le ask him whence he came?
[*He riſ*
Salom. So, ſo! I have already rous'd the Game.
Tyrid. Sir, from the City came you?
Salom. Yes, to you!
Tyrid. Your pleaſure!
Salom. 'Tis a bus'neſs ſtrange and new.
The Queen——
Tyrid. Oh that bleſt name!
Salom. Has found too late——
Tyrid. You raiſe my fears.
Salom. A ſence of her hard fate!
Though from her kindneſs you did once receive,
All that ſo ſtrict a Vertue had to give.
Yet;——
With a Womans kindneſs ſh'has a Womans fear,
And dreads her Dangers now ſhe finds 'em near.
And though a while unmov'd;
She ſtood the Tyrants firſt, and eaſier frowns,
Who floats above weak ſtreams, in rougher, drowns.
Her nearer Ruine (though no doubt ſhe ſtill
Eſteems yee) does her breaſt with horror fill.
She raves, and wiſhes that black hour accurſt,
In which ſhe ſaw, and knew, and lov'd you firſt.
And all that ſtorm ſtill falls on Cruel you,
Who her to theſe unjuſt Misfortunes drew.——

She

She wiſhes you——

Tyrid. Hold! here's enough to Kill.
Since I am curſt by my fair Queen! yet ſtill
She's juſt, were ſhe more cruel——

Salom. Sir, the ill
She undergoes by you, has brought me here;
That ſince ſuch Beauty ſuffers for your ſake,
My Sword may of your Crimes expiation make:
Draw and defend your Life——

Tyrid. No, kind Sir, I
Have guilty liv'd, but will not guilty dye.
Should I defend that Life which ſhe condemns,
I juſtifie her ſufferings, and my Crimes.
No, grant one Grace, the greateſt man can give,
Here let my Breaſt that welcome gueſt receive.

Salom. This I expected—— [*aſide.*
Oh my hand does ſhake;
And fooliſh fear doe my Souls fortreſs take!

Tyrid. Why are you ſlow? dear Sir make haſt——

Salom. Baſe fears be gone——Well, now I am prepar'd!
Againſt Revenge in Love there is no guard.

Enter Arſanes *who ſtops her Sword.*

Arſa. Hold Villain! Murderer!

Tyrid. Why do you ſtop that hand that is ſo kind,
Sent by the Queen, who has this grace deſign'd.

Arſa. Oh Gods! your Paſſion Sir, has made you blind.
He's ſome Impoſtor would your Life betray——
You nothing of the Queen in this can ſee,
Nor with her Vertue does this act agree.
I the Impoſture quickly will explain. } *offers a paſs at* Salome.

Salom. Hold, hold! 'tis not by thee *I* will be ſlain.
I come not hither by the Queens command,
Yet ſtill this Traytor falls by my juſt hand.
By Princeſs *Salome* I'm ſent—— [*offers at* Tyrid.

Her and her Brothers honour I muſt right:
It is in both their Cauſes that I fight.
Arſa. Why from the Queen did you pretend before?
Salom. The Prince I knew did her ſo much adore,
That calmely then he would his life reſigne,
And ſo I might take his, not hazard mine.
Arſa. Oh Monſter—— [*offers at her.*
Tyrid. Stay! the Cauſe is chang'd, and I'le diſpute my Fate;
And give you what you ask; *Herod* I hate,
But *Salome* much more——
Salom. Hates he her more——
Then *Herod*? ——my Revenge ſwell'd high before:
But now to kill or dye's an equal part:
Falſe & Perfidious Traytor! at thy heart:
[*Her Perriwig falls off in making a Paſs at* Tyrid.
Tyrid. Ha! 'Tis her ſelf.
Salom. Oh Curs't diſcovery! yes Sir! 'tis I,
And once again I thee to Death defy!
Tyrid. What Viſion's this? you have diſarm'd me now.
Why, Madam, all this Cruelty from you?
Salom. Oh my falſe Heart! I feel my rage expire,
At one kind breath my new-blown Love takes fire.
Sir, I'le forgive; if you'le return and Love,
I *Herod*'s wrath, your dangers will remove,
And bring you back agen to his eſteem.
Tyrid. Yes, I will Love!——
Salom. How Sir!
Tyrid. My Charming Queen—— (dye!
Salom. Your Charming Queen! your Charming Queen ſhall
I inſtantly will to her Tyrant flye:
Accuſe her of all Treaſons, falſe, or true;
All is too little that Revenge can do:
She dies to Morrow, nay to Night, to Day:
I cannot ſoon enough her life betray.
And ſince no other way will do't, I will
Torment thy Heart through *Mariamne* ſtill.

And

And thou ſhalt live to hear this news Proclaim'd,
She's Dead: and if my pow'r can do it, Damn'd. [*offers to go.*
Tyr. Stay, *Salome*; dear *Salome*!
Salom. Your will.
Tyrid. If blood's your ayme; here *Tyridates* kill,
Let her but live——
Salom. No, loving Fool, ſhe dies.
Tyrid. Oh thou black malice! were thou but a man,
I by thy Death would my Queens ſafety gain.
But Curſe ſhe is a Woman! oh 'tis hard,
That Juſtice ſhould by honour be debarr'd:
The greateſt weakneſs is the ſtrongeſt guard.
Salom. Sir, 'Tis not yet too late your Queen to ſave,
Could you but——
Tyrid. But——what is it you would have?
Salom. Your Love!
Tyrid. Love, Madam, has Variety!
What Love is't you would have? to what degree:
Salom. I'd have you——Oh your blindneſs and my ſhame!
Can you not gueſs the thing without the name?
Tyrid. Ah, Madam! if you Lawleſs thoughts purſue,
The ills you ſave her from will fall on you——
Horrors will haunt yee!——
Salom. You do not underſtand
A Lovers ſence. In Love we are not pain'd
With th'ills we've acted, but in thoſe we miſs.
Repentance there's leſs Torment, then a wiſh.
Try but to Love me, 'tis an eaſie grant:
Speak ſome kind things; or if new words you want
T'expreſs a Paſſion by; oblige my Ear,
And repeat ſomthing that you ſaid to her.
Tyrid. Madam! what would your abuſed fancy get
If I that do not Love ſhould Counterfeit.
The firſt I cannot, and the laſt I ſcorn:
My thoughts are never in Diſguiſes worne.
I cannot tell yee——
Salom. No, nor can I hear?

I've ſaid too much for a return ſo ſmall:
But here once more my Fury I recal.
Since Plots on *Tyridates* vain do prove,
To take away thy Life, or gain thy Love:
Thy heart *I* yet have one way left to break;
My Vengeance at the Queen its ayme ſhall take:
There I will ſtab thee in a tender part,
And through her Breaſt ſtrike thy ungrateful heart. [*Ex.* Sal.

Tyrid. Thy kindneſs and thy threats *I* both deſpiſe;
But oh her rage at *Mariamne* flyes.
I'le to the Court, and inſtantly informe
My Queen, and be her guard againſt this ſtorme.
What if I'de ſworn a thouſand Oaths and broke
Them all, her certain Ruine to revoke?
Yet Perjury's no ſin in ſuch a Caſe;
Kind *Salome*! thy Malice is a Grace:
Thy Cruelty has done an act ſo brave,
It gives me pow'r my Queen to ſee, and ſave.
By ſuch a hand ſo great a Bounty given!
An Inſtrument of Hell has lent me Heav'n. [*Exit.*

Second Scene: A Bed-Chamber.

Mariamne *lying on a Couch ſleeping*, Cleophe *by*.

Enter *Herod.*

Herod. See where ſhe lies; her eyes chain'd up with ſleep:
The Graces in her Face a Guard do keep:
With what ſerenity ſhe does appear:
How calme her Soul is, not diſturb'd with fear.
While mine feels horrors! Oh my heart! *I* muſt
Withdraw, leaſt to my ſelf *I* prove unjuſt.
For thoſe almighty Charms her Beauty wears,
Spread for my Anger, and my Juſtice ſnares. [*ſtands aſide.*

Mar. O *Cleophe*! my Reſt haſt pleaſant been, [*Awakes.*
In ſleep I have a bleſſed Viſion ſeen! Souls

Souls undiſturb'd when they lye down to reſt,
Are often with ſuch fair Idea's bleſt.
I find Heav'n may in Priſons be; while Hell,
And all its Furies in the Pallace dwell!
Wipe off your Tears, and be not ſo unkind!
Your weakneſs *Cleophe* diſturbs my mind.
Let Death and Fortune threaten if they will:
What though I fall? I am above'em ſtill. [*Enter* 3 *Judges*
Herod. Oh thou Heroick mind! not ſtartl'd yet?
See how ſhe does unmov'd, undaunted ſit!
1 *Judg.* Madam! by this Commiſſion we are ſent,
In which we obey our Royal Kings Commands——
You are accus'd by Him——
Mar. Vain Rudeneſs! hold!
Me-thinks you are too inſolent and bold!
A Princeſs of my Birth, your Lawful Queen,
Heir to the Crown, and ſtoop ſo low?
Can you be Subjects and my Judges too?
2 *Judg.* We from the King, Madam, this power receive!
Mar. The King himſelf has not ſo much to give.
For He can never make my Spirit bow
To ſuch a baſe ſubmiſſion crav'd by you.
3 *Judg.* 'Twill be your Glory if you're Innocent.
Mar. My Soul ne're knew what to be guilty meant!
Excepting Heav'n I other Judges ſcorn:
But chiefly you, who are my Subjects born.
Therefore forbear——
1 *Judg.* Madam! we know
What to your Birth and quality we owe:
Which hitherto we with reſpect have paid.
The King on us has this Injunction laid:
To whom it is our Duty to obey;
And you as well as we ſhould homage pay:
You'l guilty ſeem, if you do this refuſe.
Queens ought to clear themſelves when Kings accuſe.

Mar. But I from his Authority, and yours,
Appeal to Higher and more Righteous Powers.
2 *Judg.* Our Conſcience guides us, and the Law.
Mar. But why——
All theſe Formalities to make me dye?
My Friends to Death without theſe ſhows were ſent.
May not I tread the Path my Kindred went?
1 *Judg.* Madam! of you the King has greater Care,
And by your Tryal, hopes to find you clear.
Mar. Though his high Cruelties I muſt confeſs,
Have juſtly made the Wifes affection leſs:
Yet my firm Duty never can decreaſe.
Herod. I can no longer hold—— [*to* Mariam.
I'le not believe but you are Guiltleſs too!
No memory of my Baniſht rage ſhall ſtay,
All my ſuſpitions Love has blown away.
Mar. Hold Cruel Man! let Juſtice have its courſe:
My Judges I diſlike, but thee much worſe;
Beyond the bounds of Cruelty they fly,
Who torment thoſe, who are about to dy.
Herod. Oh you miſtake me, for I come to ſave——
Mar. Her Life who hates it, and deſires a Grave.
But what's your right, to give or take my Life,
You know you are not King but by your Wife.
Herod. Thou try'ſt by all extremities to move
My long-kept Patience, and provoke my Love.
To that alone——and that thou too well know'ſt
The Life thou yet enjoy'ſt! Proud Queen! thou ow'ſt.
Mar. Nor thy Careſſes, nor thy Threats ſhall move,
Thy Threats are yet leſs hateful than thy Love.
Herod. Since you my Love with ſo much ſcorn deny,
Thou ſhalt have thy deſire--yes, thou ſhalt dye, } *To the*
Perform that Charge I formerly did give, } Judges.
And if you find her falſe, let her not live.
Let not the Name of Queen, keep you in awe:
Nor yet Divert the Juſtice of the Law. [*Exit.*
Mar.

Mar. You ſee your Champion's gon; you may with-draw;
I am your Queen, above you, and your Law. [*Exit.*
2 Judg. She has a Soul no Power on Earth can tame.
1 *Judg.* We may return as uſeleſs as we came.

Enter to them Herod *and* Salom.

Salom. But why ſo weak! what ſhifting Paſſions move
His Soul? now mad with Rage, now fool'd with Love.
Herod. But once again I am my ſelf become,
And will an inrag'd Monarchs power aſſume.
Such high and lofty Pride ſwells her great heart,
That 'tis high time that and her head ſhould part.
What now?
1 *Judg.* She treats us Sir with ſuch diſdain and ſcorn,
As if ſhe were more than a Princeſs born.
Herod. She's guilty then, who dares not thus be try'd.
Salom. I doubt there's ſomthing in it more than Pride.
Herod. O Heav'n! pull down your Thunders on my head,
Pluck up thoſe roots of Love, or ſtrike me dead.
Salom. Why make you thus your ſelf unfortunate!
To rage for her that pays your Love with Hate.
Herod I know ſhe hates me, and I know it well;
And yet I can't her Image hence expel.
But I will hear no more what Love can ſay:
Yes, yes, *Mariamne*, thou ſhalt Dye to day.
I'le ſtart not from what I reſolve to do,
Though whilſt I take her Life, I loſe mine too.
Salom. Sir, you with Paſſions have ſo much been ſway'd,
You never ask'd whether you were Obey'd
In your commands laſt Night: but you will find } *delivers him*
Somthing in theſe will ſatisfie your mind. } *the Papers.*
Herod. 'Tis true I had forgot. [*Reads to himſelf.*
Salom. See! how it works?
Poiſon I hope in their Confeſſion Lurks!
See how he ſwells!

It will burſt out anon:
He likes not what he Reads, yet muſt read on.
Herod. How! when I was to *Cæſar* gone, the Queen [*reads.*
Was privately by *Tyridates* ſeen!
Oh Heavens!
Laſt Night for all the Danger he was in,
Return'd and privately met her agen.
Diſguis'd——alone——by Night——ah this does prove
The ſtrength of his and her unlawful Love.
Are theſe men Dead? hah!——
Salom. They have receiv'd a juſt reward of Treachery——
Herod. Yes! here's enough to ſatisfie my mind.
Now Juſtice to my ſelf, and thee, I am kind.
For ſhe ſhall Dye, and like a Traytreſs too.
Do you my Orders inſtantly purſue.
Do it before my fit of Love return.—— [*Exeunt* Judges.
If that get in, it will my Rage remove.
I muſt keep this Storm to keep out Love. [*Exit.*

Scene the Third: The Priſon.

Mariamne, Cleophe *weeping.*

Mar. Leave weeping *Cleophe*, I pray forbear;
Is it the mark of ſorrow, or of fear?
Cleoph. Madam, I doubt your ſpotleſs Innocence
Againſt the Tyrant will be ſmall defence!
You know he ſpares no Life when Rage bears ſway:
And now I fear leaſt it take yours away.——
Mar. I prithee neither fear, nor weep for that,
'Tis Death alone can make me fortunate.
That will my Soul from Chains of fleſh unbind,
And give unbounded freedom to my mind.
This Soul that's fetter'd here, when I ſhall dye,
To an Eternal Liberty will fly:

And

And what's contracted in this Body now,
Shall like a mighty Circle endleſs grow.
How *Cleophe*, can I your tears approve,
Who weep the fate I both deſire and love.
If thou lov'ſt me, ſhew an unclouded eye,
I am reſolv'd, and am prepar'd to Dy.
'Tis guilt alone diſturbs a Soul with fears,
And fooliſh weakneſs vents it ſelf in Tears!——

Enter Pheroras, *Guard*, *Attendants*.

Pher. Madam, I am ſorry that 'tis I muſt bring
So ſad a Meſſage from an Angry King.

Mar. Speak it *Pheroras*, and I'le bleſs that breath,
That greets my Ear with the kind ſound of Death.

Pher. Nothing can your unhappy Fate put by,
His reſolution's fix'd, that you ſhall dye——
And all things do without already wait,
Therefore prepare your ſelf for this ſad Fate.

Mar. Pheroras, call't not ſad, I n'er till now
Receiv'd a Meſſage half ſo kind from you.
Let *Herod* know his preſent I receive
As the moſt pretious thing he had to give.
And with my thanks *Pheroras* let him know
This to my memory, and my blood I owe:
I n'ere did derogate in all my Life
From th'Honour and the Vertue of a Wife.

Phero. Oh would the King your Loyalty believ'd,
Or were by ſome kind Angel undeceiv'd!

Mar. The blood of *Philon* and *Soheminus* ſhed,
Will pull down Vengeance on his guilty head:
And if my Death is ſtain'd by any guilt,
'Tis 'cauſe imprudently their blood I ſpilt.
For *Tyridates*, I confeſs 'tis true,
I render'd what was to his Vertue due.
Acknowledgments and Innocent eſteem,
And that was all I ever gave to him.

I ſhall not rack your Patience by delay,
However I a little beg your ſtay.
Whilſt I retire to banish from my mind,
All thoſe Ideas I muſt leave behind.
That my wing'd Soul prepar'd for her high flight,
May ſhake off Life and Crowns to mount more light.

[*Ex.* Mar. & Cleop.

Enter Judges *and* Executioner *with an Axe in his hand, dreſſed with Linnen Sleeves and Apron, and in his other hand a black Cypreſs Scarf.*

1 Judg. All things are ready! where's the Priſ'ner gone.
Pher. She did deſire ſome time to be alone.
2 *Judg.* But does her haughty mind continue ſtill?
3 *Judg.* Death will affright her ſure, or nothing will.
2 *Judg* But how did ſhe her Sentence Sir, receive?
Pher. She ſeem'd not to Rejoyce, nor yet to Grieve!
She heard me ſpeak unmov'd and without fears,
When I my ſelf could ſcarce refrain from tears.
She whom Friends Deaths has into Paſſions thrown,
Calmely receives the Knowledge of her own.
And as her tongue did from reproach refrain,
She ſhew'd it was below her to complain.
She ſpake! would *Herod* had himſelf been by,
And unconcern'd, prepar'd her ſelf to dye.
But ſee ſhe comes, her Eyes no grief betray.
She is Tryumphant on her dying day.

[*Enter* Mar. & Clophe.

Mar. Come Friends, let's go. conduct me to the place,
Whence I ſhall follow all my Noble Race.
What means that Cypreſs Scarfe?
Phero. To blind your Eyes,
Death will be gentler when it does ſurprize.
Nature will ſtart elſe in her own defence,
The ſtroke is ſuffer'd beſt, whilſt in ſuſpence.
You muſt not ſee the Blow.

Mar.

Mar. Lay that Scarfe by.
I am a Queen, and like my ſelf will dye.
It is not Death can overcome my heart:
Nor at its blackeſt horrors make me ſtart.
No, I'le look thus, thus Fate deſpis'd I'le meet:
'Tis they ſmile beſt, who death thus kindly greet. [*Exeunt.*

Scene Fourth: A Chamber.

Enter Alexandra.

The Pulſes of my trembling Soul beat high,
Mariamne's dead, or is about to dye.
Diſturbing fancies aggravate my fears,
And Ignorance does but increaſe my Cares.
Such horrid Viſions fright me from my reſt,
My interrupted ſlumbers they moleſt.
In vain all day her ſafety *I* enquire,
For none will ſatisfy my juſt deſire.
Minutes ſeem days, and every hour a year,
Whilſt *I* am rack't thus betwixt hope and fear.
O Cruel King! with Torments thou doſt kill:
The fear is always greater then the ill:
I once agen to my rough guard will ſue;
Gold may do more then Tears or Prayers could do. [*Exit.*

Enter Herod *(as diſtracted) and* Salome.

Salom. What ayles you Sir?
Herod. Did not you hear the Muſick? ſee, ſee, what's there?
Salom. Sir *I* ſee nothing that ſhould cauſe this fear.
He is diſtracted ſure?
Herod. See, ſee, what ſight my Eyes invades;
See *Ariſtobulus* from the Heather ſhades!
Salom. Sir, I ſee nothing, 'tis your fancy ſure.
Herod. Antigonus!
See the Queens Brother comes to fright me too.

Salom. Look calmer Sir! your fancy is disturb'd!
Herod. See Old *Hircanus* risen from the Dead!
See *Salome* how he looks and shakes his head?
See *Joseph*, *Sohemus*, *Philon*! see where they go.
They are all risen from the shades below.
Salom. Sure it is Madness that disturbs you so! (dead!
Herod. Oh the Queen, the Queen, the Queen! Oh she is
See *Salome*: stay, *Mariamne*---stay: she's fled.
Salom. Pray Sir settle your disturb'd mind!----
Herod. Stay *Mariamne*! dead, dost fly from me too?
No Jealousy nor Rage can reach you now. [*Exeunt.*

Scene sixth: Scene *Jerusalem.*

Enter Sosius *with* Romans.

Sosius. The general murmur which assaults my Ear,
Speaks the sad Truth of my unhappy fear.
I dare not ask, and yet I fain would know,
Suspence! alas! does but intangle woe. [*Enter* Pheroras.
Page. Sir, here's *Pheroras* that can tell you more.
Sosius. Tell me *Pheroras*, may it be believ'd
The Queen is dead! I hope I am deceiv'd?
Pher. Yes Sir, she's dead, and all that glory's gon,
Which with such Lustre in *Judea* shon.
Like a bright Star dropt from the Firmament,
She's fallne, and with her all the light she lent.
Sosius. O Cruel King! I wish! but 'tis too late!
Pher. I need not tell what brought her to this Fate.
Sosius. That's too well known; but tell me how she dy'd.
Pher. O Sir, the Queen such manly Courage wore,
As you or *Cæsar* could have shown no more.
Unmov'd, and without sign of discontent,
Unvail'd she to the Fatal Scaffold went.

There

There of us all she kindly took her leave,
Some Jewels then to *Cleophe* she gave:
And made the Guard to bear her Weeping thence,
Because her pious Tears gave her offence.
Whilst she discours'd, our Tears run trickling down,
And no Eyes there were Tearless, but her own.
Sosius. The highest Vertue's fled that ever shin'd!
O Cruel Tyrant! to the World unkind!
Pher. O Sir! the King does want your pitty now,
I left the Pallace Sir to seek for you.
Sosius. What then it seems he does repent too late.
Pher. Yes Sir! he now repents what he has done,
And calls on *Mariamne*, now she's gone.
The Furies sting his Soul with such remorse,
He now his Servants, now, himself does Curse.
He threatens Death and a Revenge on all.
But yet the storm seems on himself to fall:
Just now he's gone, and none did dare withstand
Wrath in his Eyes, a Dagger in his hand.
Distracted thus, he towards the Prison made,
Where her dead body back they have convey'd.
'Tis you alone his Fury can asswage,
No other dares oppose his fatal Rage.
Sosius. Come! let us go! lest we should come too late:
I must avert, though he deserves that Fate. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Last:

The Scene opened, Mariamne *appears laid on a Couch as Beheaded.*

Enter Alexandra.

Alexan. So much Confusion I meet every where,
I have no doubt for my increasing fear.

See there's the Cauſe. Alas! this diſmal ſight
O'rewhelms my ſence with horrours dark as Night.
Nature's too ſtrong,
And keeps my Soul in Priſon here too long.
But I will give no Reſt to my ſad mind,
Till I a way to Death, or Vengeance find.
Tyrant, at thee, my juſt revenge ſhall fly;
And then contented with my Fate, I'le dye. [*Exit.*

Enter Tyridates *and* Arſanes.

Tyrid. See where ſhe lyes *Arſanes*! ſee ſhe's dead!
And my enfeebled Soul is with her fled.
Here I my grief will forfeit at the Eye,
And gazing thus upon this Object, dye.
I feel the little blaze of Life decreaſe,
And yet my mind enjoys no kind of Peace.
I would have time
With my own hands to tear his heart away,
Who could ſuch Innocence to Death betray.
But ah my Soul is flutt'ring to be gone,
And leaves Revenge to the juſt Gods alone.

Arſa. Oh Sir, your Courage ſhould ſupport you now.

Tyrid. My Life *Arſanes* to the Queen is due.
Was't not enough, (Oh aggravating thought!)
That the Queen dyed, but dyed too by my fault!
I caus'd the Cruelties ſhe did ſuſtain;
After all this, can I behind remain?
No, I would ſtrike a Dagger to my heart,
Had not my kinder grief perform'd that part:
My juſter ſorrow ſudden death affords,
Without the help of Poyſon, Wound, or Swords:
Arſanes help, remains of Life are ſmall:
At my ador'd Queens feet direct my fall.

Arſan. Shall grief thus overcome?

Tyrid. O yes, I find
Deaths kind embraces all my ſences bind.

The

The world turns round, and by degrees I gain
A kind of Reſurrection from my pain.
Farewell my kind *Arſanes*.

Arſan. Oh Sir ſtay.

Tyrid. Accept dead Queen, this Homage which I pay.
At my approach be not offended now,
The ſtricteſt Vertue may this grace allow:
Thy Vow to *Herod*'s Cancel'd here, and *I*
Now gain that Bliſs you did in Life deny,
For we may now come nearer when we dye.

Enter Herod *with a Dagger in his hand.*

Herod. Where is the Queen! Oh ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead——
Thou lyeſt——it can't be——yet from me ſhe's fled.
See there ſhe lyes, Murder'd by my Command;
Here *I* alive, her Bloody Husband ſtand.

Tyrid. Thanks my kind heart! my blood new Vitals takes;
Rows'd by that form my drooping Spirit wakes. [*draws.*

Herod. Ha! *Tyridates*! [*draws.*

Tyrid. Tyrant, art thou here?

Herod. Uſurper, how dareſt thou invade this place?
If Life thou loveſt, take hence thy hated face.
So great a Paſſion none but ſhe e're gave:
I'm Jealous of that Beauty in her Grave.

Tyrid. Monſter, when by my hand thy blood is ſpilt,
To meet Damnation equal to thy Guilt;
At that bleſt minute thy black Soul ſhall flye,
May Heaven but hate thee half ſo much as *I*.

Herod. Have at thy heart, thy fury *I* defy.
Two fiercer Foes, Fate on one Stage can't bring;
A deſp'rate Lover, and a Rival King.

[*They make a full Paſs, and both fall;*
Tyridates *at* Mariamnes *feet.*

Tyrid. Revenge, thou'ſt done thy part, now Love go on;
And finiſh what *Mariamnes* Eyes begun.

Though

Though it grows dark, my Ghoſt ſhall rove about,
And never ſtop till it has found thine out.
To do thee Homage, when in Heaven we meet,
There as on Earth I'le fall before thy feet. [*dyes,*

Herod. Ha! into what Confuſion am I hurl'd,
Hee'l be my Rival in the other World.
If Souls can fight, *I* thee to Battle dare,
And mine ſhall hence only to meet thine there.
As my blood cooles, my frighted ſence looks home
On my paſt deeds, and what I have to come.
Here ſtand my Crimes, and there Eternity;
Men take the largeſt proſpect when they dye.
Juſt Souls may mount, but mine I fear deſcends,
There Love, there Jealouſy, here Tyrant ends---} [*Dyes.*

Arſa. A Roman Courage in my breaſt I find,
And a diſdainful ſcorn to ſtay behind:
But I muſt live in kindneſs to thy name,
And keep my hated life to ſpeak thy fame. [*Exit.*

Enter Salome.

Salom. All dead! and all my Trophyes! work for Graves!
Ruine and Death, ye are obedient Slaves.
Stars boaſt no more, the rule of humane fate,
No threatening Planet like a Womans hate.
I ſtound, and Ruine darted from my Eyes,
Doom'd by my hate, this blaſted greatneſs dyes.
If Kings are next to Gods, what then are they,
Who at their feet ſuch mighty Victimes lay!
Oh Jealouſy! Oh Glorious Woman-kind!
But thy chief Conqueſt *Salome* is behind.
I know *I* for their deaths accus'd ſhall be;
And the dull Gown muſt of my head decree.
I ſcorn to ſuch mean Judges to deſcend:
No, I began with this, with this I'le end——[*draws her Dagger.*
They the beſt Courage ſhow, who with a frown
Give others death, and ſmiling give their own.—[*Stabs her ſelf.*

Enter

Enter Sosius, Pheroras, Arsanes, *and* Attendants.

Ha! must my death admit of Lookers on! } *Tares open her*
Dull Life make haste, & tardy Soul be gone. } *Bosom, and stabs*
So, now 'tis done—— [*falls.* } *agen.*

Death ends both scorn and pride:
And I may dye by *Tyridates* side.
Though love once made me fire, Fate sets me free,
And in the Grave makes me as cold as thee—— [*dyes.*

Sosius. Come let us from this dismal place be gon,
Where Cruelty and Love so much have done.

Pheroras. Love, Jealousy, and Spight, conspir'd thy fall:
But thou, great Queen, hast over-come them all.
Faire Innocence, how e're suppress, will rise;
And Vertue, though she suffers, never dyes.

Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Mariamne.*

I Who by Herod's *Jealous Wrath was Slain,*
Can by your Kindness be Reviv'd again.
I, who Undaunted dyed, now Trembling come,
Fearing your Breath, more than a Tyrants Doom.
If you but smile, let him still rage, and frown:
Your Friendship's valued more than Herod's *Crown.*
But if I cannot so much favour win,
Come but to Morrow, and I'le dye agen.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge the First, *line* 9. read *Judam.* p. 2. *l.* 22. r. *Governour.* p. 7. *l.* 31. read *Judas.* p. 28. *l.* 3: r. *delay's.*